# A Manual of Sex Hygiene

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THE HOWARD-SEVERANCE CO.

CHICAGO, ILL.

# A MANUAL

OF

# SEX HYGIENE

SETTING FORTH IN PLAIN AND SIMPLE TERMS THE INSTRUCTION WHICH PARENTS AND TEACHERS SHOULD IMPART TO CHILDREN REGARDING THE GREAT TRUTHS OF LIFE, INCLUDING THE ORIGIN OF LIFE, THE CARE OF THE BODY, PERSONAL HABITS AND SOCIAL RELATIONSHIPS—SHOWING DISTINCTLY HOW THESE DELICATE FACTS MAY BE SUCCESSFULLY UNFOLDED TO YOUNG MINDS.


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*"I have a notion that children are about the only people we can do anything for. When we get to be men and women we are either spoiled or improved. The work is done. But while young a great deal can be done for us."*

*—Benjamin Harrison.*

*"He who helps a child helps humanity with an immediateness which no other help given to human creature in any other stage of human life can possibly give again."*

*—Phillips Brooks.*

# Introduction

The Teaching of the Truths of Life

A widespread awakening among educators and social workers on the importance of sane and safe instruction on matters of sex for children and adolescent youths has within the last eight years resulted in frequent invitations on the part of parents and teachers that the writers give to others the benefit of their experience in this teaching. This particular phase of social work has taken two forms: first, the writers were asked to address young people, telling them in a tactful way some of the great truths of life as we had told these to our own children; then the request came from many sources to instruct parents and teachers so that they might give this instruction to their own children and pupils.

The more educators and social workers study the problem of instruction in social ethics, the more we are convinced that no final, adequate and acceptable solution of the social problem will ever be reached until most children, if not all, are receiving wholesome instruction from their parents in the home.

That the time will ever come when all children will be receiving such instruction in the home can hardly be hoped for. There is coming to be a conviction very general among educators that there will always need to be some supplementary teaching regarding life problems in the schools, partly because some of the children are sure to have little or no instruction in the home, and partly because the obligation of the schools to develop the character as well as the intellect of their pupils, will make it necessary for the schools always to

supplement the home education in all ethical and moral lines as a part of their obligation toward character building. When we remember that the school is only an extension of the home, and that the work now done in school was originally done in the home, and that the division of work between home and school is really one of expediency governed by the best ultimate good of the child, we are forced to the conclusion that there is really no good reason why this teaching should not be done at least in part in the schools.

A corollary to the foregoing proposition is this: The teacher is vicarious parent to the pupil. Every woman teacher is vicarious mother to the boys and girls in her school. Every man teacher is vicarious father to the boys and girls in his school. This vicarious motherhood and vicarious fatherhood carry with them the responsibilities of parenthood that can no more be evaded or shifted to other shoulders than can the responsibilities of physical parenthood.

The attitude of teacher to the child should be the attitude of parent to child, namely, it should be characterized by earnestness, seriousness, sympathy, and love.

The reticence with which all these life subjects have been treated in the past makes it necessary for both parents and teachers to be prepared for this teaching. Not only should both parents and teachers be given information regarding life, but they will naturally get a more wholesome viewpoint as their knowldege broadens and deepens. Furthermore, the methods of presenting this knowledge in such a way that it may come easily within the comprehension of the child at its various ages of development is equally important.

It is the object of this brief Manual, first, to present the principal facts of life and the sex life in such a simple, systematic and untechnical way that any mother or

teacher without technical knowledge will clearly understand; and second, to show the parents and the teacher how these life truths may best be presented.

The writers have found after long study of this teaching that the instruction should begin with little children in the home, and furthermore, that it is wise that the instruction come to the child in answer to its spontaneous questions. The first chapter of our Manual will therefore set forth the teaching which the mother should give her child up to its pre-adolescent period, say to the tenth year. Subsequent chapters will set forth the teaching that the mother should give her pre-adolescent daughter in two lessons, and her adolescent daughter in two supplementary lessons. In a similar way the father should give his son five lessons, three before he enters puberty and two during adolescence. The writers believe that there are two very important lessons which the mother may give her adolescent son, and two equally important talks which the father may have with his adolescent daughter.

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**What the Mother Should Know**

The little child comes into the home bringing to the parents, and especially to the mother, great responsibility and unspeakable joy. Without any effort on the part of the parents the responsibility will endure, but to perpetuate the joy requires a conscious effort, a real sacrifice, and a definite plan.

The father must feel that, having been responsible for the life of the child, he now owes it something more than a living. Even though that living be good food, good clothes, a comfortable shelter, and an education, he has not done his duty unless he puts something of himself into the child's life, and lives before the child

in a way that will make right living easiest for him; for whether he is conscious of it or not, he is the child's example and the child tries to be like him.

During the first six or seven years most of the responsibility, and likewise a larger portion of the joy, comes to the mother. If mothers could only get the larger view of this work which they are doing with their children, they would find it less irksome. The mother is given so wonderful a work that she can well afford to drop society and study and amusements to devote herself to her children. There is no other place where talent, education, and ability can count for so much, or where they are so much needed, as in the home. She need not fear that she will deteriorate if she use herself wisely. If she is fond of study she can study her children, and read those things which will help her to understand them and to meet their problems as they come; if she loves music she can sing or play it into the very souls of her children. A mother must not stagnate; she must grow, but grow with her children. "Mothers are too busy for these things," do you say? Yes, some of them are, necessarily, but many of them are so because they are valuing something else above the needs of the home.

The duty of the mother is so manifestly her own that she can not properly place it upon any one else so long as she herself is able to do it. The love which the mother can put into the service raises it above the menial, and glorifies it. The mother forgets that a task is distasteful; for she is thinking of the health, the comfort, or the joy it will produce. She is not doing daily drudging duties; she is making a beautiful, happy home for her husband and children. Even the best people one can hire for the care of children can hardly put this love into the service, and inferior people not only lack the

love but the ability, and if they chance to be low-minded may even teach vulgar habits to the children. If they do not teach vulgarity consciously, the children imbibe a certain amount of it, as they are very susceptible to "atmosphere." It is therefore of the greatest importance that mothers, so far as is possible, retain the care of their children.

Mothers have pleaded ignorance as an excuse for shirking responsibility; but there is no longer any excuse for ignorance, as there is every opportunity for information since the organization of parent-teachers' associations and mothers' clubs, the publication of child welfare magazines, and of books relating to different phases of child rearing, both physical and moral. Furthermore, the physician is ready to impart knowledge from his standpoint.

The first problems that present themselves are physical ones, but the physical and moral natures are so interdependent that the proper solution of the physical problems often removes the moral problems or makes them easy of solution. The physical well-being of the adolescent and of the adult depends very largely upon a healthy condition of the sex organs, and his moral well-being upon a right mental attitude toward sex subjects. The mother must lay the foundation for both of these during the first six years of the child's life in the home when she is caretaker, teacher, and spiritual adviser. In the old scheme of education we ignored this fundamentally important subject of sex, hid the truth as though it were falsehood, even resorted to falsehood to keep the facts hidden, denied our children the right to a knowledge of their own origin from our standpoint, but allowed them to learn it from vulgar companions who put a totally different meaning into the story and warped and twisted a beautiful fabric until it was unfit

to look upon. We permitted our daughters to go into business with all its dangers, or into married life with all its responsibilities, quite without warning or preparation; we permitted our sons to go to college or into factory or business life with no knowledge of sex impulse, sex responsibility, or sex temptation, and without armor of protection against sin, nor warning of the wages of sin. So terrible have been the results of our negligence and so large the crop of disease and death, that at last we have been startled into a sense of our duty, and everywhere people are informing themselves and teaching their children. Mothers no longer feel it a disgrace to listen to counsel on sex subjects nor to discuss them in mothers' meetings or among themselves; but feel the dignity which belongs to the creative part of their being as they have long recognized the dignity of the creative power in art, in music, and in literature.

Because of this changed mental attitude of the mother herself, she finds herself able to talk freely and plainly with her girls and boys without embarrassment, and moreover she has acquired words in which to express herself. The child always comes to his mother first for information of any kind, if the mother has invited confidence. When the child asks his first questions that involve sex, he has no idea of the bigness of his question, nor what its answer involves. If it is simply and truthfully answered he thinks no more about it than about anything else which he asks. He may even forget the answer, and in a few days when the subject recurs to him he may ask again the same question. If, however, he is given an evasive answer or improbable answer or no answer at all, or if he notices signs of embarrassment in his mother's manner, he becomes acute at once, he wonders "why," he perhaps does not risk asking his mother another question but may go to some other

child for his information; and here he gets a garbled version which so poisons his mind that he never dares to carry it to his mother, or if he is brave enough to renew the effort he may, perhaps, repeat his question over and over to his disturbed mother until in desperation she falsifies and so forever loses his confidence. When the mother answers honestly and simply, not telling more than the question demands, the child will come to her just as innocently for the next step in his story when it occurs to him, as he came for the first.

According to the way in which sex subjects are presented one will have an exalted or a low idea of the opposite sex. A boy who receives the vulgar version of sex will be more likely to look upon girls as his legitimate prey than to feel that they are to be honored and respected as the future mothers. To give children this clean, wholesome view of sex life is the mother's privilege, and she must begin early.

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It is very important to keep the child's external genital organs clean and free from any irritating influence. When the little girl has her bath the mother must open the labia and gently bathe away the accumulations which adhere to the inner surface. When she bathes the little boy she must draw back the foreskin from the penis and carefully wash away that which accumulates and irritates. These organs are extremely sensitive, and the bathing must be done with care and by the mother. As soon as the children are old enough to understand—three or four years old—they should be told as they are bathed how tender these organs are and how carefully they must be treated. They must understand that they should never handle them or they may injure the delicate parts, but that mother is too careful to do any harm.

If when bathing her child the mother finds it difficult or impossible to push back the foreskin, she ought to consult her physician and perhaps have the boy circumcised. The Jews circumcise all their boy babies, and this practice has had a profound influence upon the clean sex life of Jewish young men. Many physicians recommend circumcision for all boys. The operation is certainly indicated where the foreskin is tight and permits the accumulation of irritating secretions. The irritation of an unclean organ causes a child to handle it in order to allay the irritation. This act, if done often, becomes a habit before there is any sex feeling—a habit which can scarcely be broken after the coming of sex impulse.

Whenever a little boy or a little girl shows a tendency to handle the sex organs, there is some condition that needs attention on the part of the mother. The difficulty may be caused by uncomfortable clothing. The drawers or trousers may not fit well. They may be too tight or too short in the seat and may constantly irritate the organs. Such garments are a fruitful source of bad habits. If none of these things are true and still the habit persists, look to the child's caretakers—the servant, the child nurse, or to the playmates and neighbor children—or it may even be the result of a nervous impulse. The habit must be broken while it is simply a habit, before it fixes itself upon the child and becomes a vice.

Whether the child has a bad habit or not, whether the mother suspects the companions or not, she must still keep an ever watchful eye upon the playmates and the playtimes of the little ones. These little children should always play within sight and hearing of the mother or of some responsible person. Curiosity sometimes leads to practices which begin quite innocently.

Older girls burning with curiosity as to physical differences often take liberties with tiny boys and teach smaller girls to do the same. Older boys sometimes indulge in unmentionable practices upon very little girls, who are threatened into keeping it secret. It not infrequently happens that one unclean child will contaminate a whole neighborhood of clean-minded children before the parents discover the condition. Such a catastrophe can be avoided if the children's play is always supervised either by the mother or her representative. Out-buildings which shield children from view are a menace, and when children desire to play alone in a room with the door shut it is a sure sign that they need watching. Do not imagine that your particular child is too young or too pure to need such guards. All children are young and pure until something enters in and perverts them; and care will keep them innocent and pure.

There is in the child mind a desire to know. It is a necessary part of his endowment without which he would not overcome the world. We sometimes find it misdirected and call it unwholesome curiosity; but unwholesome curiosity comes from unsatisfied desire to know the truth, and may easily be forestalled. Curiosity as to physical difference between the sexes is very common but unnecessary, for children ought to be taught that boys and girls are not made alike. If there are children of both sexes in the family, the matter is quite simple; for when the bedtime arrives they can all undress and frolic around together. If any notice is taken of physical differences, take it as a matter of fact and say, "Yes, all boys are made like that, and all girls like this," and there will be no more question and no curiosity. If the children are not near enough of the same age for this, the older child may see the baby take his bath, ostensibly to see the joy of the baby in the water, really to see his

physical structure. If there is no baby of the opposite sex in the family, there is always one in the neighborhood whose mother will allow it to be observed under these conditions—as a joyful baby in the frolic of his bath.

Many young men say that unsatisfied curiosity as to physical structure and the bad habits taught by servants and hired men have led them into impure lives.

**What the Father Should Know**

Every father should know something about the way in which his children develop from youth into womanhood or manhood, as the case may be. He should know that this development from childhood into adult life begins in the girl at about the age of thirteen and in the boy at about the age of fifteen. This change into womanhood and manhood respectively is heralded in the case of both sexes by a very rapid growth in height. Incident to this rapid increase in stature there is an awkwardness and ungainliness, a self-consciousness on the part of the youth that leads educators to refer to this period as "the ugly duckling" stage of development. While, as stated above, this change usually comes at about thirteen in a girl and fifteen in a boy, it is not at all uncommon to find a considerable variation. Some girls develop into womanhood as early as twelve or even eleven, and others as late as fourteen or even sixteen. On the other hand, some boys begin their development into manhood as early as thirteen and others as late as seventeen. It must therefore be evident that the parent and teacher must look rather for the physical signs in the child himself than to his age as heralding the approach of womanhood or manhood.

It helps the father better to understand his children if he knows one of the great laws of development that the psychologists have taught us. This is the law, simply and briefly stated: EVERY HUMAN BEING

IN HIS DEVELOPMENT FROM INFANCY TO ADULT LIFE REPEATS THE HISTORY OF HIS RACE.

We find that our race emerged from a condition known as Primeval Man into a condition somewhat advanced above that, known as Savagery. Our race was in this condition of Savagery from about six or seven thousand years ago to four thousand years ago. Savages are fetish-worshiping, raft-sailing, cave-dwelling children of Nature.

From about four thousand years ago to about one thousand five hundred years ago our ancestors lived in the forests of central Europe and southeastern Europe, and were in the age of Barbarism. This age is characterized as crude and cruel, rough and ready, venal and vulgar, blundering and blustering Barbarism. In their age of Barbarism they lived in tents if they were nomadic, in rude dwellings of stone and log if not nomadic. They were developing the industries concerned in the making of implements of war and the chase, of fabrics of apparel, and of various conveniences about the home. It was the age of war and the chase. It was an age of hero worship. Woman was a chattel; affection and consideration for the woman was not known.

From this age of Barbarism our race emerged into Chivalry over a thousand years ago. The age of Chivalry was at its height about five hundred years ago and merged by imperceptible gradation into our present system. In the age of Chivalry society as we now know it came into being. The shackles were stricken from woman, and she came into her present high estate.

As the father watches his boy develop, he sees in his six- to ten-year-old boy a repetition of the savage of the race. With his pockets filled with fetishes (material objects valued far beyond any intrinsic worth) he digs caves and sails rafts—a child of Nature loving the woods and the water.

Between the ages of ten and fifteen the boy possesses the qualities essential to the barbarism of the race. He is barbarically crude, barbarically rude, barbarically vulgar, barbarically blundering and blustering. He glories in war and the chase. He is a hero worshiper. He has no use for girls, even being restive under the mild restraints of his mother.

At fifteen all this is changed. The boy begins to "slick up." He wishes to impress the girls. His rudeness to the girls now disappears, and he becomes a society young gentleman.

The pre-adolescent boy, the hero worshiper, the barbarian, may well be governed with physical force if that seems necessary, but the adolescent boy in his age of chivalry when "knighthood is in flower" should never be humiliated in the presence of his peers. He should be treated as a gentleman, and you will uniformly find him such.

Let the father appeal to the heroic in the boy. If the boy challenges his father to a race, let the father accept the challenge and show his boy that he can beat him at running, jumping, skating, or swimming, or at such games as ball or tennis. Every time that the father thus beats his boy at the robust games of youth, the father etches his name deeper and deeper upon the tablets of the subconscious mind of the boy, and it is there to stay forever and a day. The father is a hero in the eyes of his son. Having thus established himself in the regard of his son, the father is in a position to instruct his son on the great truths of life, and his instruction will be accepted in the right spirit.

The father's relation to his adolescent son should be one of pure comradery. They may talk very frankly about anything that presents itself for conversation. The father may wisely take his son into his confidence regarding his

business. Having thus fully won the love and respect of his adolescent son, the father may give him counsel regarding the great problems of life, and particularly such problems as grow out of his relation to womanhood and to marriage and home building, with full confidence that his teachings will be accepted by the son in the right spirit.

There are also certain lessons in life which the father may properly give to his daughter, supplementing the teachings the mother has already given to her; and even if the father does not give the daughter any new thoughts it will be most valuable for her to get the father's viewpoint as reinforcing and supplementing the teaching of the mother.

# CHAPTER I

## What the Mother Should Teach the Child

When the child goes to school he should have neither morbid curiosity nor bad habits, but he should have from his mother some definite knowledge with which to compare what he learns from his companions. Three things should be thoroughly instilled by the age of six years if the mother would hold the key to the future sex instruction of her child and the power to influence him. These are *obedience, truthfulness,* and *purity.*

**Three Fundamental Lessons**

Prof. Earl Barnes says that every child should learn to obey some one person by the time he is one year old. Inasmuch as obedience in a year-old child is simply the result of consistent action on the part of the mother or caretaker, it is not a difficult thing to achieve. It means regular habits of sleeping, feeding and bathing—so regular and consistent that they produce a habit. He learns to do things according to the will of the caretaker and knows no other way. After this time the child has more will and more understanding, and it becomes more difficult to carry out the system, but obedience must be insisted upon every time, and only when it is every time does it become comparatively easy for both parent and child. Obedience, absolute and without argument, must be the habit of the six-year-old child. If he has the habit he wastes no time in discussion, nor does he spend his energy over each command in the hope that he will win this time.

The child who learns obedience at home is more

easily handled at school, and is still held by a strong power under the influence of his mother. After a child has entered his adolescent period and begins to feel the dawning of individuality, is no time to teach him obedience. If by that time he has learned the lesson of obedience, the tension of government may be loosened, and with his own consent he will follow the advice of his parents. If he has not learned it, extra pressure brought to bear upon him is likely only to make him the more restive. He has then passed the age for learning obedience except with the greatest difficulty.

The first moral law of sex instruction is obedience, and the next truthfulness. This may seem to be treating the subject of sex from a long distance, but the subject is so far-reaching and so difficult to handle that one needs all the weapons at hand.

Most children have a time of being untruthful or of seeming to be untruthful. This is about the time of the awakening of the imagination, and if untruth is an outgrowth of this faculty it is not hard to deal with. Imagination is a desirable quality and needs to be encouraged, for it is the progenitor of art and story; but it must be separated from untruth. If the child comes to the mother with a story which seems partly true and partly false, in which perhaps he plays the heroic part, laugh with him over it and then say, "You have made a very good little story; did you make it all, or was part of it true?" and insist that he separate the two. Tell him a story all true, tell him a story all "made up," and insist every time upon facts being related as facts just as they are without any coloring, and stories being told as stories. If he tells untruth to shield himself from punishment, it may be because he has not been punished wisely, perhaps punished for accident rather than for wrong doing; and it may be wise to lighten all punishment except that for

untruth until he fixes in his own mind the importance of truth.

Truth is a subtle thing which is taught more by example than by words. It is something which emanates from the person who possesses it. The parent who punished his child for telling a lie and then told her that, if she ever told another lie, "a big black man would catch her on the street and run away with her" made no impression of truth upon the child. Mothers, and fathers too, must act the truth in their daily lives and use it in all their dealings with each other, with their children, and with their neighbors.

The third law is the law of *purity*. By purity we do not mean only ignorance of certain forms of ill-doing. It may mean that; but it should mean also the knowledge of right living, and a clean outlook upon those subjects which can be perverted into impurity.

Practically every child by the time he is six years of age has asked the fundamental question: "Where did I come from?" Usually and quite naturally he asks it of his mother; he has always taken his questions to her, he is most with her, and who in all the world can tell him so well as she who felt the first throbbing of his new life within her body? If she accepts the responsibility, lives up to the child's expectation, and tells the truth, she links her life to his with a new chain and keeps the confidence which she has always had. If she shirks the responsibility, fails him in his need, or tells him an untruth, she makes the first break in their confidential relations and separates him from her when he needs her most. He asks the question of his origin as innocently as he asks any other question without any idea of its far-reaching meaning. It is moreover a perfectly legitimate question which intimately concerns him, and the fact that all children ask it shows that the desire to know this fact marks a

stage in a child's mental growth and that the time has come for him to know it.

If he receives a simple truthful reply he is satisfied. He may, indeed, even forget that he has asked it and may again propound the same question; or if he remembers it, he may ask another question in line of the first one. These answers must give only so much as the question demands each time and no more. It is better to give added information when the next question is propounded.

The failure of the mother to answer the question will not stop the investigation—it simply diverts the questioner to another source for information. It is not a question of the child's knowing or not knowing about his birth; it is a question of who shall tell him and how shall he be told. It is of great importance to his future that he hear the story simply and beautifully told by the other person most intimately concerned, and with the light of love thrown upon it. Whatever he may hear afterwards must be compared with this first story which his mother told, and always to the detriment of the other story. He knows the truth, and falsehood can not find lodgment.

Just how the story shall be told and when, must be decided in a measure by the age of the child and the form of the question; or if the child asks no questions, some way must be found to introduce the subject. Some children think a long while about the subject without asking questions, and some refrain from asking because they have already been told by other children. The best and easiest time to tell a child his origin is when a new baby has arrived in the family, and when one day the older child is standing at the bedside looking at the wonderful new baby. Her eyes are full of wonder at the miracle, and her heart full

**Motherhood Explained**

of love. She feels the tiny fingers and laughs at the pretty toes, and then in wonder she asks, "Where did you get him?" You reply, "I am glad you asked, for it is a story that I want to tell you. He grew in mother's body. God made a room in mother's body purposely to hold a baby, and this room is so arranged that no harm can come to him but he can get food and air until he has grown big enough to handle and perfectly ready to live. Baby was very tiny at first, so tiny that mother did not know he was there, but when he grew bigger mother felt him move, and then she was very happy for she knew God had given her a baby. Then mother ate food that was good for baby and rested so that he would have rest, and she sewed and made all the pretty clothes, and that dainty bed for him. And now at last here he is and mother is glad for she wanted to see him very much." As the story went on the little listener's eyes that had grown big with wonder filled with tears, and, coming closer to mother, she said, "Did I come that way, too, mother, and was I once a part of you? That is why you love us so much, isn't it, mother, and why we love you?" One reserved child who had thought much but had never asked any questions on this subject, finally mustered courage to ask the important question, and when his mother told him the story he threw himself into her arms, sobbing, "Oh, mother, mother, dear mother!" and the reserve was all washed away in those tears.

The following incident may be of interest in this connection: It is twilight. Mother is sitting by the open grate fire. The older children are still skating on a neighboring pond. Father may be expected home within a quarter of an hour. Mother has laid aside her sewing because it is too dark to see, but she has not lighted the lamp. Little Margaret has been playing

happily with her building blocks, but seeing that her Mamma is not busy she comes and stands for the moment looking into the blazing fire that sends its flickering shadows upon the opposite wall and strongly illuminates the face of both mother and daughter. Then Margaret comes and creeps up on her Mamma's lap and nestles her head under the Mamma's chin.

"Tired, little one?" asked the Mamma.

"No," answered Margaret, "I was just thinking."

"And what was my little girl thinking?" asked the Mamma.

"Where did you get me?" asked Margaret.

"Where did we get you?" the mother replied. "Why, that's a funny question for a little girl to ask."

"But you know, don't you, Mamma?"

"Why, yes, daughter, Mother knows; do you really want to know where Mamma got you?"

"Yes, I've been wondering about it all day. When I asked Bertha this morning where they got the little baby brother that came yesterday she said that she asked the nurse; the nurse said that the doctor brought it in that little long satchel that he always carries. But that didn't seem true to me, so I thought I'd ask you."

"Well, daughter, it isn't a very long story; it's a very short little story, but Mamma thinks it's a very sweet and beautiful story. George and Robert were getting to be pretty big boys. Robert was six and George was four and Mamma didn't have any little daughter. She kept wishing, wishing, that God would send her a little daughter. After a while Mamma knew that a little new baby was going to come to her. You see, Margaret, every little baby grows within its Mamma's body, and for nearly a year it has to grow slowly from a tiny little speck of matter, getting larger and larger until it is ready to be born. Then it leaves the Mamma's body."

"In what part of the Mamma's body does it grow?" asked Margaret.

"Why, there's a little sort of nest in the Mamma's body and the baby grows from a little egg that comes into this nest. This little nest lies deep down in Mamma's body below her heart."

"And what is the little baby made of?" asked Margaret.

And the Mamma replied, "Baby was made out of very precious material that is drawn out of the Mamma's blood. So you see, little daughter, why it is that the mother loves her baby so, because she has given her own life blood for it."

"And is that where you got me, too?" asked Margaret.

"Yes, daughter."

"Then I wasn't brought in any old satchel?"

"No, child. Do you wonder, now that you know this story, that every Mamma loves her baby more than she loves her own life?"

Margaret did not answer in words but she sat up, turned toward her Mamma, and threw her arms about her neck and said, "Oh, Mamma, Mamma, I knew it wasn't so, it couldn't be so about the satchel. And this true story that you told me is so beautiful and it makes me love you more than ever."

And she nestled down again, and the mother leaning over her saw that the little girl had a far-away look as she seemed to be watching the flickering firelight.

Children feel a certain importance in being taken into the confidence of their mothers, and when new questions arise they come back for further information, and if later another child is expected the tender solicitude which this child shows for the mother is beautiful to see.

Mothers sometimes object to telling children these truths for fear they will talk with other children about

them, but if they are going to talk with other children at all about such things, is it not better that they have the higher, lovelier outlook? The fact is that they are less likely to talk with other children about what their mothers tell them than they are about what other children tell them.

## CHAPTER II

### Mother and Daughter

**Fatherhood Explained**

The subject of fatherhood is much more difficult to present than that of motherhood and need not be presented so early. It should, however, be presented by the time a child is eleven years old, and can be done most easily by lessons in plant and animal life. Mothers ought, therefore, to know the fundamental truths of sex in plant life and draw the children's attention to them and later to animal life. This method has the advantage of eliminating the personal element and of providing a vocabulary of terms which become familiar in plant life first.

Let the children use the words "eggs" and "seed" interchangeably (although it is not biologically exact). "All life comes from an egg." Very low forms of plant life are themselves the seeds, and very low forms of animal life instead of producing eggs are themselves the eggs which divide to make new eggs or animals. These plants and animals have no fathers, they are all mothers; and have no sons, only daughters; and when the seed or the egg is divided, the mother passes out of existence as an individual, though the substance of her body remains alive in the two daughters. In fact, it is made young again. There are a few other plants higher in the scale of life that are fatherless. Most higher orders have the male and female element, even though in very primitive form. The mother, or female part, of the plant bears the seed and stores up food for the life of the young plant when it begins to grow; but the father, or male part, provides

that which enables the seed to grow and to have power to produce another life.

A seed is the plant egg. It contains a young plant and enough food to nourish it while it is beginning its growth. Examine a large seed like a lima bean or a kernel of corn after it has lain in water two or three days, and you will plainly see the perfect young plant having begun to grow, protected by the store of food which surrounds it. The bean pod and the corncob are the ovaries in which the seeds develop until they are ripe, or capable of producing a new individual. Children love to watch developing seeds either in water or sand, in the house or in the soil of the garden, and it gives the mother a fine opportunity to talk of mother-plant and baby-seed and to use the term *ovary,* which she will need to use later in connection with animal life. Let the children observe how the young plant grows even in water, living only upon the food which the mother stored up for it in the seed, and let them watch the store of food diminish as the plant grows.

The mature corn plant furnishes good material for teaching sex in plants, because the parts are so large and the process so apparent. The tassel that grows on the top of the cornstalk is the father part, i. e., the male organ which develops the pollen or fertilizing substance. The corn silk at the end of the ear of corn is the receiving part of the female organ. One may speak in a general way of the tassels as the fathers and the silk as the mother. The wind blows the pollen when it is ripe and has fallen, and scatters it in the air where it reaches the corn silk and fertilizes it. Without the pollen there would be no kernel of corn at the end of each thread of silk. The kernels on the cob are the seeds for a new generation of plants, the cob is the ovary, or contains the ovaries in which the seeds develop.

If the corn is not conveniently at hand, one may use the rose or the sweet pea, in which the male and female parts are to be found in the same flower. The style and stigma in the center of the pea blossom with the ovary below is the female part and becomes the pod after it is fertilized by the pollen, or yellow dust from the anthers. The rose has many anthers and much pollen dust, and the seeds form in the "rose apple" under the flower.

The strawberry plants are some of them male and some female, and, if a strawberry bed does not contain both kinds of plants, there may be many blossoms but there will be no fruit. The wind and the bees help to carry the pollen from flower to flower and so fertilize them.

Some low forms of animal life have both male and female organs. The angleworm, for example, is both father and mother. It lays its eggs and fertilizes the eggs of another angleworm. The frog is higher in the scale, and there is a separate frog mother and a frog father. The mother lays the eggs by the hundred, and, as they drop into the shallow pool, the father pours the fertilizing fluid over them and they begin to develop. This process may be seen in the springtime in the frog ponds, and as the eggs are transparent one may watch the formation of the young tadpole within the egg. A jelly-like mass of frog eggs may be kept in water at the house where the children can watch its development.

In higher forms of animal life the female animal, like the female plant, is provided with an ovary or ovaries in which the eggs are formed. Some eggs, also like the seeds, are provided by the mother with food for the young animal while it is developing. The hen's egg is rich in food. The child who eats an egg for his breakfast little dreams that he is eating what some hen mother laid aside for her own little one to eat. The mother hen forms the egg and stores the food for the young chick, but the

father—the rooster—supplies the fertilizing fluid which makes the egg develop into a chick. The hen's egg, unlike the frog's egg, must be fertilized before it leaves the mother's body. This is the method of fertilization, not only of the chicken or bird family but also of all animals higher up in the scale of life.

The mother hen lays the eggs in a nest outside of her body where she still cares for and protects them. She keeps them warm until they become little chicks, peck a hole in the shell, and walk out. The mother hen then proudly walks off with her brood, scratches up food for them, and shelters them under her wings. The father chicken, or rooster, having supplied the life principle, does little more from that time on but to crow about it.

The next higher order of animals, instead of laying the fertilized egg in a nest outside of its body, retains the egg after it is fertilized in a nest or womb within the body, and there it stays during its development or incubation until it is a perfect individual of its kind—a rabbit, a puppy, a calf, a colt, or even a human baby.

During the time when the egg is developing in the mother-nest, the mother must supply it with daily food and air as she takes her own supply of food beforehand, as the hen does for her little one. Another wonderful provision is made for all these babies. Animals whose mothers carry their little ones in a body-nest while they are forming, are called mammals, and these mothers all have breasts which secrete milk for the use of the babies after their birth.

The human mother feeds her baby from her own breast for about a year. She holds it in her arms, protects it from danger, clothes it by the work of her hands, and loves it as long as her life lasts. The father not only supplies the life principle but has an equal share in providing for and loving the child. He provides food, shelter,

and clothes for both mother and child, and shields them from danger even at the peril of his own life.

All of these facts may be taught to children by the time they are eleven years of age. Little by little and in their proper order they may be presented quite easily and naturally. With such a wide outlook and with the knowledge that this matter of sex runs through all life and is fundamental, there is no room or chance for vulgarity. The child sees the purpose and the plan, and respects the process by which so great a thing is accomplished.

Mothers must teach their boys that fatherhood is their highest endowment—a thing to be guarded and kept sacred to this use; and teach their girls to be thankful for womanhood because it permits them to be possible mothers.

**The Secret of Womanhood**

It was Saturday morning. Mrs. Dawson and her twelve-year-old daughter Margaret were in the sewing room upstairs busy with the week's mending, Margaret repairing her own wardrobe and even helping with the mending for the younger children. Mrs. Dawson was lengthening Margaret's skirt another two inches; only two months before she had let it down two inches. Fortunately she had provided for this when the skirt was made and had plenty of material in reserve for that purpose.

This watchful, thoughtful mother had noticed her daughter's very rapidly increasing stature, not only with loving interest, but also with the solicitude of a mother, because she recognized that within a few weeks or months this daughter would step across the threshold from girlhood into womanhood. She recognized that there are many things that a girl in this stage of her development should know, things that ought always to be told a girl by her mother if she has a mother.

Mrs. Dawson had given much thought to the matter, and had also prepared herself by reading such books and magazine articles as would best fit her to lead her daughter from girlhood into womanhood.

So while they were both intent upon their work presently Mrs. Dawson spoke:

"Margaret, do you see that Mother is lengthening your skirt for the second time this fall? You are growing into womanhood. Within a few weeks, at most a few months, you will become a woman; then you will be different. You will appear different, you will act differently about things, your mental attitude toward others will change; you will be through and through different."

"Why, Mother, how shall I be different, and what does it all mean to grow into womanhood? Does it mean anything more than getting taller and having one's skirt down to her ankles instead of nearly up to her knees, and doing one's hair up instead of having it hang down one's back with a big ribbon bow on it?"

"Yes, daughter, it means much more than that. Let me tell you just what it means to grow into a woman. I think I can best explain to you, daughter, by drawing two word pictures. Can you imagine a full life-size panel of a twelve-year-old girl, and can you imagine a girl stepping into that panel, a living picture, not stepping in gracefully and sedately, but just flopping in the way she comes into a room usually? You know most twelve-year-old girls flop into the room, and when they sit down they flop into a chair only to flop up again and then flop out of the room. As you look at the picture in the panel, note how ungainly, awkward, clumsy, the twelve-year-old is. She is in her 'ugly duckling' stage of development. Perhaps you did not know that the story of the ugly duckling—that beautiful old folklore story—really sets forth the development of the ungainly girl into the beauti-

ful, graceful woman. The girl's hair is just a little short wisp supplemented with big bows of ribbon. She is altogether unprepossessing. Of course her mamma loves her and her papa too, but the rest of the world just gives her a glance and then passes on.

"Now beside that, daughter, in another panel let us paint the picture of the same girl five years later. She is seventeen now—in her golden age of young womanhood. As our subject steps into our panel, every movement of her body is personified gracefulness. Furthermore, every outline of her body is also graceful. The lines of that arm that five years ago was so skinny and bony would now be the despair of the artist who would try to draw it in all its matchless beauty. And her coloring, note the delicate pink that mantles brow and cheek, and throat, and arms; that color is nature's costliest rouge, the rouge of rich, red blood shining through a blemishless complexion, the whole coloring bespeaking perfect health and a wholesome physical activity. And did you see the eyes, Margaret, luminous and lustrous with the light of radiant young womanhood? You know, daughter, the eyes are said to be 'the windows into the soul.' Let us look through this girl's eyes into her soul, and as we peer inquisitively into the deepest recesses of her being we see that transcendent quality of the soul of the woman—PURITY. Looking again we see another all-pervading quality—UNSELFISHNESS, the quality that makes of the woman such a charming companion, such a wonderful wife, and such a matchless mother.

"Without stopping further to detail the qualities of her woman's soul, let us just glance at her as she stands there the rich possessor of Mother Nature's lavish gift of womanhood, perfect in body and perfect in spirit, adored of all the world."

"Oh, Mother, you must have been drawing Cousin

Jennie's picture. I can just see Jennie; it looks exactly the way Jennie looked when we were over there celebrating her seventeenth birthday last month. And that other picture of the twelve-year-old, Mother, made me feel like laughing and crying both at the same time, because that's exactly the way I look, and I know you must have been thinking of me and describing me; but if only I can grow into such a girl as you pictured in your second panel, I won't feel so sensitive about my present awkwardness."

"Oh, you'll come along all right. You don't remember how ungainly and awkward Cousin Jennie was when she was twelve. But Mother remembers, and Mother fully believes that within five years her Margaret will be quite as fine a specimen of young womanhood as Cousin Jennie."

"Oh, Mother," cried Margaret, her eyes filling with happy tears, "do you think it possible that I can ever be as sweet and pretty as Jennie?"

"Yes, I think it altogether possible and highly probable. But remember that the real charm that makes everybody love Jennie so is not her beauty of face and her gracefulness, but her happy, winsome disposition, and her kind and cheery words to everybody."

"Isn't this transformation wonderful, Mother?" said Margaret. "Why, it's almost like a caterpillar developing into a butterfly."

"Yes, it's the same sort of a process," said her mother; "and would you like to hear the secret of it?"

"Oh, yes. I should think if one knew the secret of developing into womanhood, one could help."

"That's exactly the case," said Mrs. Dawson; "and here's the secret of it, as mother has just been reading in some of the medical books. The biologists and the physicians have been studying these problems for years and have recently discovered what it is that causes this remarkable transformation of the ungainly boy or girl

into the full-fledged man or woman. The change is brought about through the influence of a wonderful substance which is prepared for that purpose in the sex glands. The sex glands of the woman are the ovaries, small bodies about the size and shape of an almond shell located deep down in the body, not very far from the front hip prominences and just a little toward the middle line from that. You remember, daughter, that Mother has shown you the ovaries in the plants."

"Yes, Mother, I remember it is within the ovaries that the eggs are formed. You also showed us the ovary of a chicken that you were preparing in the kitchen, and I remember there were many eggs representing all sizes from nearly the size of an egg yolk down to tiny little eggs the size of a pin head."

"Yes," replied the mother; "the ovary has two kinds of work to do: first, it prepares the eggs, which are matured in the ovary, and after fertilization by the father element, as I described to you several years ago, the egg develops the new life."

"Yes, Mother, I remember all you told us about it. It seems so very wonderful and interesting I shall never forget it."

"But," continued Mrs. Dawson, "the ovaries have another very important work to perform. This that we have just mentioned, the preparation of the egg, is the work which the ovary does, especially for the woman or the mature female. But the other kind of work, the preparation of this wonderful substance which I refer to, is of especial importance in the development of the girl from childhood into womanhood. This substance to which I have referred is called an *internal secretion* because it is absorbed back into the blood. Now this internal secretion absorbed into the blood is carried in the venous blood up to the heart and coming finally to the left side of the heart

is distributed all over the body wherever tissues are developing. The presence of this substance in the tissues controls the development of these tissues and causes them to take on the sort of development which results in the transformation of the ugly duckling girl into the beautiful young woman."

"Why, Mother, the ovaries of a girl then are sacred to her womanhood, aren't they?"

"Yes, daughter, and that is why Mother has told you this story of womanhood, so you would always have that attitude toward this part of your body. The sex apparatus of a girl is, as you say, sacred to her womanhood. And do you see, daughter, that when a girl comes to have this feeling toward her sex apparatus, as she surely will have when she once understands the plan of her Creator for the development of her womanhood, she could never be misled by an older, vulgar-minded girl into habits of touching or even thinking about her sex organs in such a way as to cause irritation or excitation of them."

"Yes, Mother, I understand perfectly, and I can not understand how any girl should ever do such a thing. There are some girls in the school who frequently use vulgar language that makes us girls blush with shame. Surely those girls have not had these things explained to them by their mothers, or they would not use such language as they do."

"No," said Mrs. Dawson, "it is really in order to guard you against the influence of those girls that I am explaining these things in such detail to you. The seventh-grade teacher told me recently that they were very much worried about the possible influence of several girls in the school, and wondered whether it would be wise for them to speak to the mothers of the girls or to have a few little heart-to-heart talks with the girls themselves. Miss Jones asked me what I thought about it, and I advised her to adopt

the latter alternative, and I think she is planning to do so. In the meantime several of us mothers are talking to our own daughters, explaining these sacred truths of life, knowing that when once a girl really understands these great truths it will protect her from being misled.

"You see, daughter, if a little girl of ten years or older is touching or handling her sex organs in such a way as to irritate and excite them, it will seriously interfere with Nature's plan for her development, and instead of growing into a healthy, graceful, high-minded girl and young woman, she will develop into a nervous wreck wholly lacking in those womanly graces that are so charming to all the world."

"Oh, Mother, I am so glad you told me these things, not that I would ever have done this thing that you have mentioned, but it is a great satisfaction to know the plan of the Creator for one's development and to feel that one is doing right. It makes one happier to have that assurance."

**The Periods Explained**

A month or two after the above detailed conversation mother and daughter were again in the sewing room at the week's mending on a Saturday morning, when Mrs. Dawson said: "Margaret, there's another chapter to the story of womanhood that I would like to tell you this morning if you are ready to hear it."

"Oh, yes, Mother, I shall be glad to hear it. I've thought over all the things you told me before about womanhood a dozen times in the last month. I shall never forget it and I asked Bertha if she knew about it and she did. Her Mamma had talked to her almost the same as you did to me, and so we talked it over together. It all seemed very beautiful and very wonderful."

"Well," said Mrs. Dawson, "this second chapter is no less beautiful and wonderful and it is very important for

every girl fully to understand about it. Have you ever heard any of the girls speak about the 'monthly period' or about being 'unwell'?"

"Yes, Mamma, I have and couldn't make out what they meant, and I wondered if they were unwell why they were not at home and in bed."

"I'll explain it to you," said Mrs. Dawson. "You see this being 'unwell,' as it is called, is not a real sickness at all, but it is simply a periodic experience common to all womankind; and, coming once every month, as it does, it is frequently referred to as the monthly period.

"When a girl really crosses the threshold from girlhood into womanhood, the experience which marks this change is her first monthly period. It happens about the time of the maturing of the first egg that leaves her ovaries. As this egg passes down the ovarian tube into the uterus, the uterus is itself modified,—more blood flowing through it and the inner lining changing somewhat. Now as the girl is developing her womanhood, there are a number of years when this preparation is going on during which the eggs will come down one each month into and through the *uterus*, or as Mamma used to call it when she was explaining to her little girl, the little 'mother-room,' or 'mother-nest.' These eggs of course not being fertilized pass out. They are very tiny, so small that one of them could drop through the eye of a fine cambric needle without touching the sides, so there is no special loss in the passage of one or two ova per month. There is, however, another form in which a slight loss occurs. As the egg passes unfertilized through the uterus, it finds no lodgment on the wall of the uterus, and this inner wall, or rather a portion of the inner lining of the uterus, is shed each month, and as it passes away a few of the capillaries break and so the girl or the young woman will notice a stain of blood upon her linen."

As Mrs. Dawson was explaining this to her daughter, she noted that Margaret dropped her work in her lap and was looking with some misgiving and foreboding straight at her mother. Presently she asked, "But, Mamma, does this happen every month?"

"Yes, daughter, every twenty-eight days as a rule. But, daughter, this experience, which is common to all womankind and which may not at first be very easy to become adjusted to, is *your Creator's preparation of you for future motherhood.*"

"Oh," said Margaret, and Mrs. Dawson noticed that her daughter relaxed and assumed a very different expression, saying,

"Why, Mamma, that is very different. You know I want to be a mother some time just as you are. I want some day to have a little baby all my own whose little warm, soft body I can hold close up to me."

"Yes, daughter," said Mrs. Dawson, "Mother wants you to be a mother some day too. So when this comes to you, this staining of your linen with this first monthly period, if you will come to Mother she will give you further instructions as to just how to take care of yourself."

Two months later Margaret came to her mother in the dining room one morning after breakfast and said: "Mamma, that that you were telling me about in the sewing room some weeks ago—that has come."

Then Mrs. Dawson went at once with her daughter to her room and gave her a little outfit of sanitary napkins and told her how to apply them and explained to her (1) that she should cleanse her external sex organs each morning and evening with tepid water as near to the blood temperature as possible; (2) that she should during the three to five days of her monthly period abstain from any strenuous exercise such as dancing, skating, rowing, long cross-country walking, horseback riding, bicycle

riding, or anything else that would not be called gentle exercise; (3) that she should not take a cold bath during those days; and if in summer, of course, not go in swimming at the bathing beach; (4) that she should carefully avoid getting her feet wet, in fact should take especial care during those days to keep both hands and feet warm and dry; (5) that she should try to cultivate a spirit of happiness and contentment during those days; though she might feel both unhappy and discontented sometimes, she should restrain herself and never permit herself to give expression to any unhappiness, irritation, annoyance or discontent; and (6) she added, "Today, daughter, you had better stay at home with Mother. We can have some little heart-to-heart talks about life and what it means."

"But, Mother, this is Friday, and the seventh grade is to furnish the program for the whole school."

"Are you on the program?"

"Not this time; I came on last time, but I hate to be absent, Mother," and Margaret showed signs of breaking into tears at the mere thought of an absence being recorded against her.

"Well, daughter, if Mother thought it were really wisest for you to remain at home today, and much better for your future health and well being, do you think you could remain home happy and contented?"

"I suppose I could, Mother; but suppose I stay home tomorrow instead?"

Her mother laughed and, patting her cheek, said: "You know why, daughter. Mother will write a note to Miss Jones and send it by Bertha."

After the note had been sent across the yard for Bertha to take, Mrs. Dawson went upstairs in the course of her morning's work and found her daughter lying upon her bed with suspicious redness of her eyes. She made no

reference, however, to that little matter, and bringing one of Margaret's favorite volumes began reading aloud to her. Presently Margaret interjected a question and they got to talking, and the first thing they knew it was nearly lunch time and Margaret was bright and happy again, and they both went downstairs to hurry through the morning work that had been sadly neglected.

During the first day of each monthly period during that year, mother and daughter had many opportunities to talk over life in all its phases and to answer the many questions which came to Margaret's mind regarding life.

During her first year in high school when Margaret was in her fifteenth year, she came one morning to her mother and said: "We are getting up a sleigh ride and want to have it on Wednesday evening, now there's a good moon and lovely sleighing."

**Social Relations**

"Are all the arrangements made?" said Mrs. Dawson.

"No, we're just making them," said Margaret.

"Why have you chosen Wednesday evening?" said Mrs. Dawson.

"Well, that seemed to be the first evening we could get the team; it's engaged for tonight and Tuesday night."

"And, is it necessary to have your party on the first open night? Why not Thursday or Friday, won't the moon be fuller on Friday night than on Wednesday?"

"Yes," said Margaret, "Friday night is full moon, but the sleighing may be all gone at that time."

"Is the sleighing disappearing so fast?"

"Why, no," said Margaret.

"Is there any good reason to suspect that the sleighing will be any poorer Friday night than Wednesday night?" asked Mrs. Dawson.

"I suppose not, come to think about it."

"And there's another thing that's even more important than sleighing in the moonlight. That is that Wednesday

night, being in the middle of the week, would seriously interfere with your studies on Thursday. That objection would not hold good on Friday night."

"No, I see it wouldn't," said Margaret.

"What are your further plans?"

"Why, we were going to take a drive up through Lincoln Park, west to Garfield, and then back home. The boys think it will take about two hours, and if we start at 7:30 we should get back at 9:30 and Mrs. Brown is going to have an oyster supper for us at that time, so we should be home very soon after ten o'clock—surely by 10:30."

"Those are very good hours. Who is to be in your party?"

"Why, there are five couples of us high school young folks going, and then the driver. Bertha and I wanted a chaperon, but the boys said they didn't think that would be necessary. They said chaperons are always so grumpy."

"What is your own personal feeling about it?" asked Mrs. Dawson.

"Bertha and I both said that we thought it would be better form to have a chaperon, but we didn't insist on it. However, when we were talking it over later, just Bertha and I together, we decided that there must be a chaperon, because, if we didn't have a chaperon, some of the girls might say: 'Oh, yes, no telling what they did off alone without a chaperon,' and just to protect ourselves from anything like that we propose to insist on a chaperon."

"I think you are very wise," said Mrs. Dawson, "and if you and Bertha had not insisted I think that your mother and Bertha's would have. I think you and Bertha have taken exactly the right viewpoint. You can have just as much fun, that is, wholesome, proper fun, in the company of a chaperon as you can without one, and, as you have already wisely concluded, the presence of the

chaperon protects you from gossip on the part of others who are not present. . . .

"Mother wishes to give you on this occasion a little simple rule that should always govern your relations to your young men friends. The rule has only two words and may be stated either NO FAMILIARITIES or HANDS OFF. If a girl always observes those rules and never permits any boy or young gentleman friend to subject her to humiliating familiarities, it will save her a great deal of trouble as the months and years go by."

"You may count on me, Mother; I am sure that even if you had not given me this rule I would naturally have followed it. However, I am very glad you told me, because now it will give me the feeling that I know I'm right, while but for your counsel I would not have been absolutely sure that I was right.

"The kind of boys that Bertha and I go with would never subject a girl to any 'humiliating familiarity,' as you call it, Mother. I can't imagine Bertha's brother John, or my brother, or any of the half dozen boys that we associate with most, doing anything of the kind, they always seem so chivalrous and gentlemanly. But I am not so sure of some of the other boys; in fact I have seen some of them do things and heard them say things that would have made me furious if they had said them to me. In fact I overheard one of those boys say one day: 'You'd better keep your hands off from Margaret Dawson, unless you want to get your head knocked off.' I couldn't imagine why he should say that, because I have never shown any such fighting spirit as that."

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Dawson, "he knows that is what he would deserve, and that you would be likely to give him what he deserved. No, I think, daughter, that a young woman needs to stand only mildly and graciously but firmly on the dignity of her womanhood, to be per-

fectly safe from indignities and familiarities on the part of her young gentlemen friends.

"There's another thing that I should like to tell you in this connection, Margaret. Some girls think that, if they do not permit these familiarities on the part of their young gentlemen friends, they will make themselves unpopular. While it is true that they will be less 'chased-after' by a certain kind of fellows, it is also true that the kind of young men who would be influenced against a girl because she is dignified and womanly are not the kind of young men whom girls like you and Bertha can afford to have anything to do with. The highest compliment that they can bestow upon you is leaving you alone."

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A year later Margaret came home from high school one day and said, "Mamma, the girls were all talking today about Miss Doe—at least that was what we called her last year. You know she was married in September. They have a little baby at their house now."

"Yes, daughter, I heard about it the other day."

"I couldn't see, Mamma, why the girls thought it was so out of place. Can't any married woman have a baby without it being considered out of place?"

"Well, you know, daughter, what Mamma told you about the little baby developing in the Mamma's body?"

"Yes, Mamma, I remember about that, and also that the egg does not begin to develop until it is fertilized by the father element."

"I didn't tell you, daughter, that it requires nine months for the baby to develop within the Mamma's body, and that it requires a physical contact between the sex organs of the mother and the father to fertilize the egg."

Margaret was silent for some moments, evidently busy

at a calculation. "Then this little baby must have begun to develop within the mother's body last March, and this physical contact that you mention, whatever that may be, must have taken place at that time."

"Yes," said Mrs. Dawson, "that's exactly what happened."

"But that was six months before they were married," said Margaret.

"Yes," said Mrs. Dawson.

"I understand now," said Margaret. "I do not wonder that the girls were surprised and shocked. You see Miss Doe was one of our schoolmates. She was in the third year class last year." After another period of silence Margaret said: "Mother, when you were telling me last year about the sacredness of one's person to her womanhood and gave me the little rule, '*No familiarity*,' did you think of this that has happened to Miss Doe as a possible result of familiarities between young people?"

"Yes, Margaret."

"If Molly Doe had followed a rule like that given by her mother, she would never have had this experience, would she?" said Margaret.

"No," said Mrs. Dawson. "Do you see, Margaret, that the most sacred relationship in all human experience, namely, *motherhood*, has come to poor Molly Doe under conditions that make it almost a tragedy, or at least it would be so if she were very sensitive; and instead of making her inexpressibly happy, her motherhood comes to her under conditions that make her humiliated and sad and actually tabooed by her own friends."

"Yes, Mother; and as for me, I would rather die."

"That's the feeling that many a girl has."

Wifehood and Home-Building

A number of years had elapsed, and Margaret and her mother had many heart-to-heart talks concerning all sorts of social and economic problems and conditions. But now Margaret was soon to be married. She had just celebrated her twenty-first birthday. Her old school friend, John Brown, had won her love, and they had been engaged for nearly a year. They were to be married on the anniversary of the announcement of their engagement,—early in the month of June. It was only three days away now; everything was in readiness and the invitations had been sent out, the cakes were all baked, the wardrobe complete, and while they had planned a simple little home wedding, still Margaret's part in the preparations had been so large a one that it had occupied every waking hour for the last three months. Mrs. Dawson sat by her open window on the evening in question. She was miles away and years away in her thoughts,—living over again the happy days just preceding her own wedding. Presently she heard the rustle of a skirt beside her and knew that her Margaret had come for a little visit.

"Mother," said Margaret in a low tone.

"Yes, daughter."

"Were you thinking about your experience when you were married, Mother?"

"Yes, daughter."

"A week ago, Mother, I was down in the depths, a deep Prussian blue, and full of misgivings about the new estate into which I am about to enter. I went to Father about it. I didn't tell Father that my real worry had to do with the new and altogether intimate personal relationships that must be established between wife and husband. If these relationships are perfect in every sense,then happiness is likely to follow. If they are imperfect or marred

in any sense, then unhappiness is likely to follow. Do you wonder, Mother, that I was worried, fearing that perhaps something in my temperament might cause this close association to be marred and therefore might lead to unhappiness?"

"No, I do not wonder, daughter, because I had the same feeling as my own wedding approached. I found, however, Margaret, that these misgivings had been really groundless, because there had been a very important fact that I had overlooked. I knew of these conjugal relationships, and the whole matter was so absolutely foreign to all previous thought and experience that I worried as you had been doing. But, as I said before, there was a great and important fact that I had overlooked, and that was that George Dawson, the man to whom I was to be married, was chivalrous, honorable, considerate, affectionate and loving. On the first night of our wedding, he tactfully absented himself from the room for a little time on an errand at the hotel office. When he came back a quarter of an hour later, I was snugly ensconced in my bed with the light turned low. During the whole month of our little vacation together, my husband had such a beautiful, chivalrous attitude of consideration and affection that it dispelled every misgiving, and I soon found that I could trust him absolutely. I am sure, daughter, that you will find that John Brown will have toward you the same attitude that your father had toward me during those first weeks of married life."

Margaret had been sitting on a footstool beside her mother. She got up and kissed her mother and said: "Oh, Mother, you don't know how much assurance and confidence your words have given me. I know it will be all right now, and I can see that I've been a foolish girl to do any worrying."

"Daughter, there's just one little bit of advice from

your mother. Never forget that, whatever your annoyances and distractions within the home may be, those to which John will be subjected in his business are probably many times as great as any that you have to bear; so cultivate the custom of keeping your little household annoyances to yourself. If there are cares and worries don't let them show upon your face, keep all the care lines smoothed out, meet John at the door every night with a happy, cheerful welcome, and minister to his comfort. Sometimes you will notice that he is especially tired, perhaps worried and irritable. Guard yourself and discipline yourself never to enhance these cares or worries by adding yours to them. On the other hand, study up little surprises and little happy things that will take his mind from his business and center it on the home. If you can succeed in doing this you will be making a great contribution—the wife's natural contribution—to the happiness in your home."

"Thank you again, Mother," said Margaret, kissing her again. "Good night."

"Good night, daughter, and happy dreams."

## CHAPTER III

### Father and Son

Mr. Brown and his eleven-year-old son, John, sat in their fishing boat out on the lake. They had just landed a big ten-pound pickerel. It was about three feet long and game till the last moment. They had been trolling, John rowing the boat with a steady pull and as silently as an Indian could have done it. Finally there was a twitch on the line, then a strong tug and a sweep off to the side. Mr. Brown changed his position in the boat in such a way as to face his game. John stopped rowing and held the oars still in the water. Mr. Brown drew the line in gradually except when the fish made a dash toward the boat in which time he took in the slack as rapidly as possible. Finally after the big catch had swept several times from side to side it was brought near enough to the side of the boat so that John received the word "ready" from his father. He quickly let go the oars and took up the landing net. Big as the net was, it was much too small for a fish of this size. However, as the fish was brought near to the surface of the water, John skilfully swept the net under and gave the pickerel a strong boost, the father acting at the same time, and they landed the fish into the bottom of the boat. The hook had gone clear through the gill on one side so that it would have been impossible for the fish to get free. There was, however, great danger that the line would break and that he would carry off their tackle, subjecting them to the humiliation not only of losing their prospective Sunday dinner but also losing their new and

**Motherhood and Fatherhood Explained**

expensive tackle. Mr. Brown had finally to cut the hook loose from the gills of the big pickerel.

"Gee, isn't he a whopper!" said John.

"He's certainly some fish," said his father.

"Mother will have to put that fish in the oven cornerways, when she bakes it. This is almost as much fun as shooting partridges or squirrels," said John.

"How would you compare it to football?" asked his father.

"Isn't it funny," said John, "that fishing and football, partridges and hockey, rabbits and basket ball, all give a fellow the same sort of a feeling?"

"I suppose it's the old desire for war and the chase," replied his father. "It's in our blood. You delight in it because you are a real boy, and I delight in it because I was a real boy, and I haven't forgotten how I felt when I was a boy."

"Speaking about games and contests, and challenges," said John, "when are you going to accept my challenge for a sailing race? I'll bet you a rattlesnake skin against a new jackknife that I can sail down to the bridge and back, bring back a crab apple from that little crab tree that stands by the mail box, and land on the shore of the bathing beach before you can."

"I'm only waiting for a sailing breeze," said his father; "the quicker it comes the better, and I don't care whether it's a hard one or a light one, and you can be the judge as to what a sailing breeze is."

After the race, John said, "Well, you didn't beat me very much, Dad, anyway. If it had been half a mile farther I believe I'd have passed you."

"Well, if it had been half a mile farther coming back before the wind, it would have been half a mile farther to the bridge against the wind, and I'd have beaten you still more tacking against the wind. So it seems to me, if it

had been half a mile farther, I would have beaten you by six lengths instead of four."

"Well, I believe it was all in the boat," said John. "Let's change boats next time and then I can beat you."

"All right," said his father, "the first good sailing day we'll change boats and see what happens then. I'd have been glad to change boats today, only you insisted on having the 'Teal'; but you may have the 'Kenyon' next time and I'll take the 'Teal' and show you some fancy stunts in beating against the wind."

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A few days later John came in triumph from the lake. He had been casting for bass, using live frogs for bait. He had a fine three-pound bass of which he was very proud. "What do you think of that for a bass, Dad?"

"I think it's as fine a fish as has been brought out of the lake this summer."

John was very proud, and while he didn't take it to show to the neighbors, he did take it across to the other cottage to show it to Grandpa and Grandma.

Following the custom of their summer camp, John took his fish out under a tree behind the cottage to clean it for tomorrow's dinner. He had caught it so recently that its heart was still beating when he slit it down the belly to draw out the internal organs. John called his father who was busy at the work bench near by, and showed him the beating heart.

"The rabbit's heart," said John, "doesn't look like this, does it? One side is thick walled and hard and the other side thin walled, and if the rabbit hasn't bled very much, the thin walled side is full of dark blood; but this heart doesn't seem to have any thin walled side."

"No," said his father, "the fish's heart has only one ventricle."

"But you told me, Dad," said John, "that the thin walled side of the heart sent the impure blood to the lungs to be purified."

"So it does, son, in the rabbit, the dog, and all other hairy animals, as well as the feathered animals. The chicken's heart and the rabbit's heart are very similar; in fact you could hardly tell one from the other. But the fish has only one ventricle. All the blood that comes to the fish's heart comes from the veins of the body, and is impure. This impure blood, received into one auricle, is sent out by the one ventricle into the gills to be purified. After it has been purified it passes throughout the body, is collected in the veins and brought back to the heart."

"There is always something to learn, isn't there?" said John.

"Yes," said his father, "and you'll still be saying that when you're seventy years old."

"What are these whitish things that are right up along the backbone?"

"They are the testicles."

"What do they do?" said John.

"They prepare the semen, or the fertilizing fluid."

"What's it for?" said John.

"Let me ask you some questions?" said his father. "Do you know how a fish builds her nest?"

"Surely I do," said John. "She noses the white, smooth pebbles out of the sandy or muddy bottom of the brook or pond, and works them together to make a little circle."

"What time of the year does she do this?" asked his father.

"Oh, along in the late spring time. One day, father, you remember last spring when we were over here in May, I saw a mother fish right over her nest, and though I didn't see just what she was doing, you remember you told me

about it, how the little eggs poured out from her egg tube and egg chamber into the water over the pebbles, and you told me how they were a little heavier than the water and sunk down in between the pebbles and later hatched out? And when we came in June there were several of the schools of minnows down at the bathing beach, and you said probably one of those schools had hatched out from eggs that the mother fish laid in the nest I discovered in May. But what has this to do with that?"

"Listen," said his father. "This big bass that you have caught is a father fish, or a male fish. After the mother fish has laid her eggs in her pebble nest, the father fish must deposit over those same pebbles the fertilizing fluid from his testicles, or the eggs will not develop. It's just as necessary for the father fish to deposit the fertilizing fluid as it is for the mother to deposit the eggs in this nest. Both are necessary if new life is to start."

"Aren't fishes curious and interesting?" said John.

"Why, yes," said his father, "they are, but this that I told you about fishes is true for all animals."

"Are all animals that way?" said John.

"Yes," said his father, "it is a general law of nature."

"Then the birds' eggs must be fertilized too the same as fish eggs?"

"Just the same," said his father.

"But the hen doesn't have a pebble nest."

"Quite true," said his father, "nor does the father bird fertilize the eggs in the nest. You see the fertilizing substance must actually get into the egg. But the bird's egg has a shell on it when it is deposited in the nest, so the fertilizing fluid must reach the egg before the egg reaches the nest."

"But, father, then it would have to reach the egg before it left the body of the mother bird."

"That is exactly what happens," said his father. "The

father bird, which in the case of the chickens of the barn yard is the rooster, deposits this fertilizing fluid within the egg pouch in the mother bird, and it passes up the egg tube and fertilizes the egg before it passes down through the tube into the pouch."

"Oh, that explains," said John, "something that I never understood. But all animals don't lay eggs."

"No," said his father, "not all animals do lay eggs. How about the feathered animals?"

"They all lay eggs," said John.

"How about the fishes and reptiles, the scaly animals?"

"Well, fishes lay eggs, and do snakes also lay eggs?"

"They all produce eggs. But not all reptiles lay eggs; some of them hatch them within the body," said Mr. Brown.

"But the hairy animals, like the rabbit and the dog and the cow, they don't lay eggs, do they?" said John.

"No," said his father, "they don't lay eggs, but they produce eggs. And these eggs of the hairy animals are so tiny and would so surely get lost or destroyed if they were deposited in a nest of any kind outside of the body, that nature has provided a wonderful nest for these eggs right within the mother's body."

"And do these little eggs have to be fertilized too?" said John.

"Yes," said his father, "and in the same general way as in the lower animals that we have already described."

"Why, one could say then," said John, "that all animals come from eggs; and all eggs have to be fertilized before they begin to grow?"

"Yes, that could be said," said his father.

John was thoughtful for some moments. Then he finished cleaning the fish, rinsed it thoroughly, laid it on a platter which he had brought from the kitchen, then washed his hands and dried them, all the while having a

look on his face that his mother sometimes called a "brown study." Presently he said: "Father, are we animals?"

"Well, what do you think about it," said his father; "what have we in common with the dog? Come here, Shep." Instantly Shep was alert and on the spot ready for anything.

John began to look him over, much to Shep's surprise. "Well," said John, after a few minutes, standing Shep on his hind feet and holding his two paws and looking into his face, "Shep has a body and a head with a neck between them, and so have I. Shep has two eyes, two ears, and a mouth; and so have I. Shep has a tongue and two openings in his nose; so have I."

"How about his backbone?"

"Yes, he must have a backbone. I know the rabbit has, and the fish and the squirrel, and I am sure I have; so I guess Shep has a backbone too."

"How about the covering on his body?"

"Why, he has a heavy coat of hair on his body, and I have a shirt and khaki overalls."

"Ah, come now," said his father, "you might put things like that on a dog too. We aren't comparing what you put on the outside of your body; we're comparing what Nature gave you."

"Well then, Shep has hair on his body and I have hair on my head."

"What's that on your arms?" asked the father. "Would you call that hair?"

John looked at the back of his forearm and his wrist. "Why, sure enough, but that is not enough to amount to anything."

"It's not a question of whether it amounts to anything; it's a question of whether it's there at all," said his father. "Push your shirt sleeve up and see what you find."

John did so and found hair on his upper arm.

"Now pull up your overalls and look at your thighs and legs; do you find any hair there?"

"Why, yes," said John, "sure enough."

"If anyone were to ask you," said his father, "whether your natural covering was hair, feathers, or scales, what would you answer them?"

"It certainly isn't feathers or scales, so I would be classed with the hairy animals."

"That's just the way we class you," said his father. "But you asked me a minute ago if we were animals. What had you in mind?" asked his father.

"Oh yes, I know now; I had nearly forgotten what I was going to ask. We said a little while ago that all animals start from eggs, and that the eggs of the hairy animals develop within a little nest in the mother's body. If we are animals, we must start from eggs, and that reminded me of what Mamma told me when little baby sister came. I asked her where baby sister came from, and she said she came from Mamma's body, that she grew for nearly a year there in Mamma's body in a tiny little soft warm nest that God made for that purpose, and that after she was all ready she was born. So it's the same, isn't it, Dad, for all animals?"

"It's the same for all of the higher animals," said his father.

"In all these other animals the eggs had to be fertilized before they began to grow. Is that true for our kind of animals too?"

"Yes," said his father, "it is a law of Nature that a new life cannot start until the mother animal has furnished the egg and the father animal has fertilized it. The mother animal must furnish the substance for the egg, and in the case of the birds the mother must work hard to make her nest; then she must furnish the eggs, which

costs her no small sacrifice, and after that she must sit on the eggs for many days keeping them warm until they are hatched; and after the little birds are hatched she must take very motherly care of them for many weeks. Now, John, what is the father bird doing all this time?"

"Why, he helps to build the nest," said John; "then he brings food for the mother while she is hatching their little brood; and after the little birds are hatched the father bird helps the mother bring grubs and worms to feed them, and the father bird entertains the mother while she is 'setting.' I've heard the robin and the thrush and the cat bird and the mocking bird singing right near where the mother bird was on the nest, and I thought he was trying to keep her company and from getting lonesome and getting tired."

"That's exactly what he was doing," said his father.

"Did you ever see the male bird do anything else in the care or protection of their homes?"

"Why, I've seen them chase away other birds," said John.

"Would you say, John, that the male bird, or father bird, is a builder, provider, and protector of the home?"

"Why, yes," said John. "So that's his part of the sacrifice, isn't it?"

"Which of the two sacrifices most, the mother bird or the father bird?"

"It seems to me the mother bird sacrifices most," said John.

"Yes, you're right," said his father, "and that seems to be a law of Nature too. How is it among the hairy animals? Do you remember the buck and doe in the park in which you were so much interested last Spring? They were mates; they were like man and wife. Which one of them took care of the pair of twin fawns that came in May?"

"Why, the mother did all the work," said John.

"What did the father do?"

"I didn't see him do much of anything," said John; "they didn't need any shelter in summer. In winter they were put into the park house, their food was the grass that grew, and was ready for their browsing. So as *builder* and *provider* the buck deer hasn't much of a chance."

"How about *protection?*"

"Oh, that's so," said John; "I remember he was always around near to the doe and fawns, and any time any man walked across their deer park the buck kept midway between the stranger and his wife and babies; and whenever a dog came in he wasn't satisfied simply to stand between; he made for the dog and chased him clear out of the park. I never saw a dog so big that the buck could not chase it. I guess they were afraid to be caught on one of the sharp prongs of his horns."

"Take it all in all then," said his father, "you think the buck served his purpose?"

"I should say he did, because, if he hadn't protected them, both fawns might have got killed by dogs."

"Now apply this all to the human family, to folks," said his father.

"Well, the father and mother build them a home; the father works hard in the city or in the fields, and provides food and clothing and other things that they need, while the mother works hard to keep the house in order and to prepare the food and clothes."

"And as to the children?" the father asked.

"The mother must furnish material for the little baby to grow on, during the long months when it is developing in the little nest in her body. Then she must furnish it dinner from her own breast and take care of it until it gets big enough to take care of itself."

"And the father?" asked Mr. Brown. "I suppose he's protector too?"

"Yes, builder, provider, protector in this case as in the other."

The following day John and his father were far up the river where they had gone casting for bass in one of the small lakes that lay beside the river, and into which they had rowed through a narrow channel. They had had a good catch; they had eaten their lunch and would presently start on the long row back home.

**The Secret of Manhood Explained**

"John," said his father, "do you remember what it was that started this talking about father fishes and mother fishes, father birds and mother birds?"

"Now let me see," said John. "Oh, yes, do you remember those two whitish things we found beside the backbone of that big black bass that I caught? You called them testaments, or something like that."

"I called them testicles (t-e-s-t-i-c-l-e-s). I should like to tell you something more about the testicles," said his father. "Every boy of your age should know something about these wonderful organs, and the doctors tell us that they are the manhood organs. I explained to you yesterday that the testicles furnish the fertilizing fluid which starts the eggs to develop, but that is only a small part of the work of the testicles. These wonderful organs cause the development of the manly qualities in the boy and young man. Let me tell you about how a boy grows into a man.

"When a boy gets to be about fifteen years of age he begins rapidly to grow in height, he gets taller, his shoulders get broader, and his chest gets deeper. He is developing his framework. Every boy should hold himself as straight as he can during this growing period so that his framework will grow straight and symmetrical. As a rule

the boy is very slim and awkward and clumsy during the period of one or two years, that is, during his fifteenth and sixteenth years; but during his seventeenth and eighteenth years his muscles develop wonderfully. Great heavy masses of muscles begin to grow on his shoulders and chest, on his upper arms and forearms, on his back and hips, on his thighs and legs.

"These muscles have to have rich red blood; and so his heart begins to develop, a great thick-muscled heart beating away in a strong regular beat sending the blood out from the heart in a thrilling, throbbing stream. In order that this blood should be purified, the boy must develop a big pair of lungs, and this is what we usually find in a seventeen-year-old boy or young man. Then too, the boy in his growing stage must have lots of nourishing food. In order to digest this food, his stomach and digestive organs must grow also. So you see, my boy, that between his fifteenth and his eighteenth year, the boy acquires the physical powers of manhood. He becomes or ought to become powerful in his movements, as well as skilful. He should be alert and ambitious, able to do things quickly and well. The secret of all this development, John, is to be found in the testicles; at the same time that the framework begins its rapid development, the testicles begin also rapidly to grow; and in the space of three years they get about twice as long and twice as thick as they were before. This makes them about eight times as large as they were before. But the rest of the boy's body is less than twice as large as it was before. The testicles must have some great work to do. The doctors have found that when the testicles begin to grow, they begin to make a wonderful substance which is absorbed into the blood, and, passing through the veins from the testicle to the heart, is sent out through the arteries to the muscles and to the brain, and carries

to these organs the magical stimulus that causes the development of the manly qualities as described above.

"If a boy were to lose his testicles, that is, if they were taken away from him in a surgical operation, he wouldn't develop into the kind of a young man described above, but he would fall far short of it. He would grow up into a sort of a fellow but not into a splendid, aggressive, husky young man, ambitious and efficient. Do you remember that great stallion that they have in the livery stable in the city? Do you remember the man who owns him drives out past here occasionally in a two-wheel sulky?"

"Oh, yes," said John, "and isn't he a magnificent horse?"

"Certainly he is," said his father, "and do you know just why he's different from other horses?"

"No," said John, "I don't. I have wondered about that, I supposed he was just a different kind of a horse."

"No, he's the same kind of a horse, only he has his testicles. You know the work horses are either mares or geldings."

"Yes, I knew that," said John, "and I asked Mr. Hanson one day what he meant by a gelding. He said the horse had been cut, and I didn't know what that meant, and so I didn't ask any further."

"Mr. Hanson meant that the gelding had had his testicles cut away when he was a young colt; so they speak of a horse that has been treated in that way as having been *'cut.'* Two young horses two years of age may be exactly alike in every respect until the veterinary surgeon comes and castrates, or cuts, one of them. From that day forth these young horses develop differently. The uncastrated one grows up into the great splendid stallion such as the one we have referred to, while the castrated one grows up into the docile, plodding work horse such as Mr. Hanson drives with his mare Fanny."

"Fanny had a colt this spring."

"Yes," said Mr. Brown.

"But Dick, the gelding, could not be father to that colt, could he?" said John.

"No," said his father. "I presume the father to Fanny's colt is that big stallion in the city."

"Oh," said John, "the big stallion is kept to be father horse for many little colts?"

"Yes," said his father. "This great stallion is a pedigreed horse with many noble ancestors whose history dates back perhaps two or three hundred years or even more."

"They don't ever castrate boys, do they, Father?"

"No," said his father, "not these days; but there was a time two thousand years ago when they castrated boys. That was an age of barbarism, and it was the custom of that barbaric age that when one nation went to war with another the victorious army would batter down the gates and scale the walls of the vanquished city; and, having gained entrance, would massacre the men that had not already fallen in battle and take away the women and children into captivity and sell them into bondage. The boys thus sold into bondage were as a rule castrated, just as Dick the gelding was, and for the same purpose really, because they were slave boys and the men who bought them wanted them to be just docile beasts of burden easily managed and controlled; so they had them castrated. Now these castrated boys grew up not into men but into eunuchs that were just as different from a real man as Dick is different from the stallion."

"But they don't castrate boys nowadays, do they, Dad?"

"No," said his father, "they don't; and I want to tell you something. In every school, as for example the grammar school, there are a few boys who, misled by some

vulgar minded older boys, are taught by those boys to play with their sex organs, irritating and exciting them. This habit, which we call self-abuse, seriously interferes with the boy's development of the manly qualities. He is almost sure to grow into a little namby-pamby sissy boy.

"While a little boy does not lose any fluid, he will, when he gets about fifteen years of age, begin to lose fluid. This fluid which the fifteen-year-old boy loses when he does this act of self-abuse is the fertilizing fluid, or *semen,* which ought to have been retained in his testicles. After it is lost, the testicles must prepare some more; and to do that they draw upon the blood of the youth for material from which to build this fertilizing fluid. This makes the blood of the boy thinner and poorer as the weeks and months go by, so that he doesn't develop as big hard muscles or as active a brain as he would have developed if he had not been the victim of this bad habit."

"Dad, do you suppose," said John, "that Mother had this in mind years ago as I started to go to school, when she told me that sometimes vulgar boys in school not only tell vulgar stories but even sometimes teach little boys vulgar habits, and that she hoped that her boy would never be led into any such habits, and she hoped that he would never touch his sex organs to play with them, nor permit any other boy to do so? She didn't explain why, only she just warned me against it. But I knew Mamma was always right about things, so I have always followed her advice. Now I know why, and I am so glad that she warned me, because I have known that some of the boys were doing that and I remember now that they are the mollycoddles of the school. They are not on our football team, or our basket ball team, nor in our baseball team, and in such games as 'Pom, Pom, pull away,' they are no good; they're always the first ones to get caught."

"It makes me very happy," said Mr. Brown, "that my son has been clean in his habits, it means so much to manhood. Now do you understand just what I meant when I said that *the testicles are the manhood organs?*"

"Yes," said John, "I understand it."

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Talks about a Young Man's Periods

Four years have elapsed since Mr. Brown had the talks with his son which are set forth in the preceding pages. John is now fifteen years of age and growing about an inch a month. His appetite is nearly insatiable. He eats three square meals a day and at least three lunches. He is tall and ungainly, and shows a little tendency to prefer lying in the hammock to mowing the lawn or spading the garden. He is a little bit less active in athletics than he was a year ago. The father understands well the significance of this. He knows that his boy is following the same line of development that every healthy, normal boy follows, and that he is really stepping across the threshold from boyhood into manhood, lifting himself almost directly upward from a state of barbaric, blundering, blustering boyhood into chivalric young manhood.

Mr. Brown realizes that he has a great duty to perform for his son, and that the responsibility is one which should not be shifted to other shoulders. While he could take his son to the family physician who is trusted and loved by every member of their family, knowing that this loved confidant of the family would be quite willing to tell John all the things that he needed to know regarding the experiences of the young man, or on the other hand he might ask the scout master to impart this instruction, assured that that high minded young business man would do this service for John and his parents in the right spirit,

still Mr. Brown feels that, inasmuch as he knows these facts himself and has already talked with John frankly about the great fundamental truths of life, it would be really better for John to receive this instruction direct from his father than from any other living person.

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It is summer time. As is their custom, the Browns are at their summer home. While there is plenty of room in the cottage for John, he has moved into a tent in the woods near by. He has worked all the morning at the bench making a canoe. Several members of the family are taking their siesta after dinner. John is sitting in front of his tent under the shade of a big oak tree studying his scout manual. A few weeks before, he had received his promotion to the rank of first-class scout, and is to have a patrol of twelve-year-old boys the following September.

Mr. Brown, coming from his siesta in the hammock, takes a camp chair near John and, noting John's employment, remarks:

"Well, John, I notice you have been taking a great interest in scouting, and I am delighted to see it. Scouting introduces the city boy to conditions which tend to develop the most manly qualities, the same kind of conditions which developed the sterling manhood of their grandfathers in the earlier days of our country. Your grandfather was a real scout in the sense that all pioneers in the far West were necessarily scouts by instinct and training if they wished to stay alive. I have told you some of our pioneer experiences in the far West. That Western ranch was just across the Platte River from Col. Cody's great ranch. But I didn't come out here to tell you more stories about scouting in the far West, though I was mixed up with a good deal of that in my boyhood. I came to find out how much of a real scout you are. What time does the moon rise tonight?"

"It rose just about an hour after sundown last night. It will be nearly two hours after sundown tonight. As the sun sets at about 7:20, it would make it not far from ten minutes after nine tonight that the moon will rise."

"Good work," said his father.

"Is the moon waxing or waning this week?"

"It wanes for about two weeks after the time that it rises as the sun sets. During the first week of its waning the later evening hours are made light and beautiful by the moon."

"Well, the moon keeps changing then?"

"Yes, it takes just four weeks to make a complete circle of changes."

"Here's another question, John. Are there any tides here on this lake?"

"No," answered John, "but there is a change of level. A strong wind up the river raises the level sometimes as much as six or eight inches, while a strong wind in the opposite direction will slightly lower it."

"Anything regular about these changes?"

"No, it varies with the wind," said John.

"How about the tide?"

"Very regular," said John.

"So much for periodical changes in moon and tide," said Mr. Brown. "Do you know anything about periodical changes among living things?"

"The birds build nests in the spring," said John. "Nearly all animals have young in the spring, and the trees put out their leaves in the spring, and these leaves fall in the autumn; and the plants bloom in the spring, and ripen their seeds in the autumn."

"Very good," said Mr. Brown. "You evidently have the accurate observation of the real scout. Keep it up. Never let anything get by you. Keep your eyes open for these big facts. You don't know what day or hour the

knowledge of some of these facts may be of the greatest advantage to you. Did you know, John, that we men have a periodicity in our lives?"

"Periodicity?" said John. "I'm not sure that I know exactly what periodicity means."

"Well, if I asked you about periodicity in the life of a tree, what would you say?"

"Its life seems to go round in a circle," said John, "and this circle lasts a year and makes a fresh start each spring."

"And that's the periodicity of its life," said the father. "How long is the period?"

"One year," said John.

"Do you remember, John, that just before we left the city to come here you wanted Bertha to go with you on one of your long Saturday hikes and she said that, much as she would be delighted to go, she thought she'd better not go with you on that particular day; she'd go with you some other time?"

"I remember," said John, "and I was sore about it, 'cause I thought it was just a notion she had; and I began to urge her and tell her it was all nonsense, her not wanting to go; that would be the only Saturday I could go with her, as we would have the patrol along on the other hikes the other Saturdays; and she simply said she was sorry and wished she might go, and then went into the library to go on with her studies."

"Then what?" asked his father.

"Then Mother called me to her and said, 'John, whenever Bertha answers that she doesn't think she'd better do this or that or the other thing, whatever it may be, it is better for you, a young gentleman, not to repeat the request. You know Bertha always delights to join you in your excursions and that she has some very good reason for not wishing to go tomorrow.' And when I said,

sort of sore, that I didn't see what reason she could have, Mother said that Bertha was in one of her periods. Of course that didn't mean anything to me, but I didn't ask any more questions for fear it might make Mother annoyed with me."

"Well," said Mr. Brown, "as a young man you should know about this matter and let me explain to you that your sister, like every other girl of seventeen, has what women refer to as 'a period' every four weeks. It lasts four or five days, and during that time they are in a physical condition that makes it unwise for them to undergo severe physical strain or exposure. It is at these periods, my son, that an egg is matured in one of the ovaries and comes down the egg tube into the uterus, and about that same time, perhaps a little before or a little after, the uterus, or the 'egg-nest' within the body of the woman, also undergoes a change, and as a part of this change a little blood is lost that oozes out of the surface of the lining of this 'egg-nest' or uterus. Do you see now, that it must be very important for a young woman or girl to take great care during that period to undergo neither severe physical strain nor exposure?"

"I see," said John, "I see; and I see too, Father, that a girl can't very well explain any further than simply to say that she is sorry she can't go to the dance or can't go in swimming or can't go for the hike. That's all very clear, and Bertha must have thought I was a cad for fair."

"No, I don't think she thought anything like that," said his father; "she simply knew that you didn't understand, and she didn't care to explain any further than she did, probably knowing that her mother or I would explain to you."

"So that's the periodicity in the woman's life, is it?" said John.

"Exactly!" said his father.

"And that's what you were driving at when you were asking about moon periods and tide periods and tree periods?"

"Yes," said his father, "I wanted you to see that all things that change at all change either regularly or irregularly. If regularly, then we may refer to the change as a cycle or a period, and the whole thing as a periodicity in the life of the human or plant, as the case may be."

"Have men a periodicity in their life?" said John.

"Yes, and it is really the periodicity in the life of the man that I wished to discuss with you for a few minutes," said Mr. Brown.

"When does it begin?" said John.

"It begins very soon after the youth steps across the threshold from boyhood into manhood. It comes about in this way. Deep down in the body, just above the testicle which you know about, but within the body, are two little bladder-like glands, each attached to the tube that comes up from the testicle. These little bladder-like glands begin when the boy is fifteen or sixteen years of age to prepare a sort of albuminous fluid. The purpose of this, so the doctors tell us, is to furnish nourishment for the germ cells that are the important part of the fertilizing fluid from the testicle. Now these little bladders gradually accumulate this albuminous material until they are so full they can hold no more, when suddenly they simply empty out. Nature has a way of emptying full bladders as you know. The urinary bladder must be emptied every few hours. These little bladders that I have just described usually empty every few weeks, perhaps the period may be a two-weeks period, or it may be four or six weeks with different men, and in the same men under different conditions of life the length of the period will differ.

"Now there's a curious thing about the emptying of these little bladders. When the urinary bladder empties, we are conscious of it before it empties, we are conscious of a 'call of nature,' and we consciously prepare for the emptying of the urinary bladder; but these little albumen sacs empty without any warning, and curiously enough, perhaps wisely planned for on the part of the Creator, they empty right in the middle of the night as a rule. The young man suddenly awakens from sound sleep or perhaps from a restless dreamy sleep and finds that something is pouring out of his sex organs. The first time that he has this experience he may wonder if the fluid is from his urinary bladder, but he usually has no difficulty in making up his mind that it is not from the urinary bladder at all. Then he naturally thinks of his sex apparatus, and assumes that the fluid comes direct from his testicles. As a matter of fact only a small portion of it comes from the testicles, most of it is from these little albumen bladders.

"The purpose of this, the doctors tell us, seems to be to relieve the tension in the bladders of the sex system. It is a perfectly natural experience that men in all lands and all ages have experienced, so there is nothing to worry about at all. However, many young men, not understanding that it is natural and that others experience it too, begin to worry about it. They think that all of the fluid comes directly from the testicles, and that they are subject to some sort of a sexual weakness. This naturally makes them worry.

"I have explained all these matters to you, my son, so that you will understand this matter when it comes into your own experience, as it may almost any day. When you remember that it is perfectly natural, you see there is no occasion for worry; the best thing to do is simply to forget it—to pay no attention to it."

"If this comes in the night," said John, "I should think it would soil one's linen and perhaps even the bed linen."

"It does," said his father, "but you need not be embarrassed by that, because your mother understands about it fully and she would think no more of seeing the mark of this, her son's period, upon the bed linen than she would if she saw a stain left upon your sister's linen by her period."

"We are certainly gotten up in a curious and wonderful way, aren't we?" said John.

"Yes," said his father, "and the more we learn about it the more interesting and wonderful it all seems. There is just one little matter that I wish to call your attention to while we are talking about this," said Mr. Brown. "As a rule the day or so before the young man experiences this 'nocturnal emission' referred to above, or 'wet dream,' as some of the fellows call it, he has a feeling of restlessness. Some fellows are irritable on such occasions, others simply restless, and if a young man is in school he may have a little difficulty in concentrating his mind on his lessons the day before his nocturnal emission comes.

"This is all a part of his period. He is reaching a sort of a sex climax. It's like the waxing of the moon, with this important difference, however; while the moon requires as long to wane as to wax, as long to get empty as to get full, these little bladders that we are talking about may take two, three or four weeks to fill up, and that many seconds to empty.

"Now during this day before the emptying of the bladders relieves the tension in the sex organs, the young man is restless and perhaps irritable and lacking in power of concentration. He feels like a caged lion. It is very important for him to understand about this, because at such times he is very likely to have his thoughts directed

to sex matters. He may even have sensuous thoughts come into his mind. If he harbors these sensuous thoughts, he is sure presently to experience sexual excitement or even sex desire, which the young man in his middle teens, or we might say any unmarried young man, should carefully avoid. Now here are two simple practical little rules, my son, that your father and many other men have put to the test, and we want our boys to have the benefit of our experience in this matter.

"I. Control the thoughts. Do not permit the thoughts under such conditions ever to dwell upon the sex plane. Always divert them by sheer will power, if necessary, into channels far removed from anything sexual. Work some problems in mathematics, for example.

"II. Get the muscles tired. You feel like a caged lion; you don't need to act like one; but you can get out on the football field, or the basket ball court, or the tennis court, or you can mow the lawn, or spade the garden, or saw wood; or if all of these are lacking, do something to fatigue the muscles, and, if worst comes to the worst, you can take to the road and fields for a long hike and keep at it until the muscles are so tired that you can hardly put one foot before the other; then go to bed and in your muscular weariness you will go to sleep almost as soon as your head strikes the pillow. During the night the chances are very favorable that Nature will relieve the tension in the sex bladders, and that your period will have passed normally.

"If you should ever have any experience, my boy, that you do not understand, feel perfectly free to come to Father and ask about it. I may not be able to explain it, but if I can not we know where we can go—to our old family physician, the man who stood by your mother when you came into the world. We'll go down to his office and ask him; he'll explain it all to us."

"Was that Dr. White you refer to?"

"Yes."

"He's the doctor who came to take care of Mamma when little Jennie came too, isn't he?"

"Yes," replied his father. "And he's the one that came to take care of Mamma and little baby Bertha seventeen years ago. Anything that you wish to know about any of these problems, if I can't answer them, Dr. White will gladly do so. Now I'll have to go and work in the vineyard awhile; so I'll leave you to your scouting."

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**Talks about Chivalry and Social Relations**

Two years have elapsed since the above recorded talk between John and his father. John is now seventeen. He has just finished his third year in high school. He is beginning to get into society, and while he has usually gone with Bertha, his father has noticed that on one or two occasions recently he has gone with one of his classmates who is just his own age; so Mr. Brown, realizing that there are some things that his son should know about and some instruction that he should receive at the beginning of his experience in society, hands his son a book one day soon after they had gone to their summer home. A week later, he asks John if he has read the book, "Men of Iron."

"Yes, fine story," said John.

"What did you think of Falworth?"

"He was splendid," said John. "These stories of the days of chivalry when knighthood was in flower always thrill me. I don't know as I shall ever get tired of them. The stories of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, of Sir Galahad, and Sir Launcelot, were meat and drink to me five years ago, and this story of 'Men of Iron' took me back to the days of my childhood."

"What did you especially admire about Falworth?" asked Mr. Brown.

"First, the fact that he always stood for a square deal. He was magnanimous even to his enemies when his own life might be at stake; and finally his beautiful, honorable, manly attitude toward womankind."

"Do you know," said his father, "what term we apply to just this attitude?"

"Why, I think of two or three terms that might be applied to it, but just what term do you refer to?"

"We call this attitude towards womankind which Miles Falworth so beautifully illustrated, the attitude of *chivalry*. The reason of that is that when our race emerged from barbarism into chivalry, the chevaliers, or horsemen, or knights, who were the men who lived in castles and usually spent a portion of their time at the court of the king, came to recognize that woman should not be a chattel or slave. They recognized her mental endowments and her spiritual capacity, and raised her to a high and noble position; in fact, woman was at that time in the history of our race lifted from the position of menial service to the position of lady of the castle. This, of course, is true, not of the daughters of the peasants, but only of the daughters of the knights. It was the women of the castle who were thus exalted.

"Society began at that time to devise many formal social rites and ceremonies. These, for the most part having origin in the king's court, spread rapidly to the lesser princely and baronial courts and thence through all the castles where the nobility lived. This was the origin of modern society. All our social customs date back to this period.

"Now when the boy begins to go into society and to be the escort of his girl friends to various social functions, either formal or informal, it is very necessary that he

know some of the fundamental principles that should govern these relations. All of the girls who come into any sort of relationship with the young men may be classified into two groups—first, those of his own social class, as, for example, his girl classmates in the high school or his Sunday School. His girl company to various social gatherings will naturally be drawn from these girls as of his own social class.

"There is a very definite social law that is everywhere recognized which should govern the young man in these relations: TREAT EVERY GIRL IN YOUR SOCIAL SET THE WAY YOU WOULD LIKE TO HAVE THE OTHER FELLOW TREAT YOUR OWN SISTER. The first question that the young man asks in this connection is, How would he like to have his own sister treated by the other fellow; and here is the answer: He wants his sister treated like the lady she is. He would not have her subjected to any familiarities or any indignities that would humiliate her womanhood. So the young man must strictly follow the law which he would lay down for his sister's young men friends. Stated very briefly this social law is: NO FAMILIARITIES OR HANDS OFF. No chivalrous, honorable young gentleman will touch the person of his girl friend with his hands, or in any other way subject her to undignified familiarity. He will always be deferential, courteous, protecting her from danger, if necessary, by endangering his own life.

"There is a physiological reason for this law. It is a physiological fact that, if a young man fondles the person of his girl friend, he is very certain to experience sexual excitement himself, and he may arouse a similar condition in his girl friend. Such a condition between young people is not only futile and foolish, but in the highest degree unwise, and can only end in humiliation if not in actual disgrace and scandal, for both the young lady and the young gentleman.

"The other class of girls referred to above are those who do not belong at all to the young gentleman's social circle—the lewd girls of the streets and houses of ill repute. The young man does not, of course, go out of his way to meet these women but they are very likely to thrust themselves upon him, in a brazen way accosting him on the street perhaps. This subjects the young man to the necessity of determining very positively what his attitude shall be toward these lewd girls. Here is a very good rule: *Any girl who by any chance may cross your path who is not a good enough girl to associate with your sister, not a good enough girl to be invited to your home to meet your parents, or for you and your sister to spend an evening at her home, meeting her parents—if she is not a good enough girl for this, I say, she is not a good enough girl for you to have anything to do with.* Any association whatsoever with such a girl or woman can only result in humiliation, shame, scandal, and perhaps in disease, degradation and death."

"Why! are those girls diseased?" asked John.

"Yes," replied Mr. Brown; "physicians tell us that all lewd girls and women are diseased some of the time and some of them are diseased all the time. The diseases which they have are contagious and are readily caught by any man who has any physical contact with them. One of these diseases called syphilis has been known and feared for ages past. A young man may catch that disease on his first contact with a lewd girl. She may herself have recently caught the disease and may not realize that she has it. One symptom of the disease is the sore throat, a peculiar kind of sore throat with white mucous patches. During the time a person has that symptom, the moisture from the lips is as venomous as the poison of a rattlesnake. If a fellow at a public dance, for example, were to kiss such a girl just in fun and have no other

physical contact with her than that, a bit of moisture from her lips gaining access to a weather check or 'chap' on his lip could easily give him that terrible blood disease, syphilis, which would not only wreck his life but might unfit him absolutely and irretrievably for home-building and fatherhood. Such a calamity would of course be far worse than death. The usual way in which this terrible disease is caught is in sexual intercourse, but whether caught in that way or in a kiss, the final result is the same."

"Why, father, I should think that a person with the mucous patches of syphilis might contaminate a public drinking glass or a public towel so as to make them dangerous for a well person to use."

"That is quite true, my son," Mr. Brown replied. "And in several states of the Union the public drinking glass and the public roller towel have been outlawed. Furthermore, now that we are discussing this point of public sanitation, every person who uses a public water closet should take pains to protect himself against touching the seat. This can be easily accomplished by laying strips of toilet paper upon the seat. So we'll sum this part of it up by saying, never use a public drinking glass if it can be avoided. If it can not be avoided, then rinse it repeatedly and finally fill it brimming full and put the lips directly into the water not touching the edge of the glass. Never use a public roller towel if you can help it; better simply let the water dry on face and hands than to use a soiled public towel.

"There is another disease that is, if possible, more terrible than syphilis, about which I must tell you something. I refer to *gonorrhœa*, or, as it is familiarly termed by the public, 'clap.' This is a catching disease that infects the tube of the penis or the urethra. Our family doctor told me a few weeks ago, in response to my question

about some of these matters, that the more the physicians find out about this loathsome disease, the more they fear it. Until comparatively recently it has been looked upon as of not very serious consequence; but within the last few years they have discovered so many terrible things that can be attributed directly to the gonorrhœal or clap infection that some physicians consider it even worse than syphilis. It can produce in the young man serious local infections of bladder or kidneys, or joints, or heart, that are very difficult to control and almost impossible to cure. The testicles may become infected with great danger of destroying their procreative power. Should this happen to the young man, he becomes sterile and unable to beget sons and daughters. In other words, fatherhood with all the joy and gratification that that means becomes an impossibility.

"But this is not the worst yet. Even a very light case of clap or gonorrhœa may result in an infection of the prostate gland. The germs, getting access to this gland, may go into a sort of resting stage and remain alive, though dormant, for several years. The young man, thinking that his disease is all cured within a few weeks after he caught it, may even forget years later that he ever sowed a crop of wild oats, and may woo and win for his wife a beautiful, pure girl. A few weeks or months after their marriage, the dormant germs may become awakened and reinfect him before he realizes what has happened. The infection may pass over to this young wife and result in ruining her for life. Dangerous as the infection is to the man, it is even more dangerous to the woman, because of the difference of the construction of her organs, and it is quite likely to result in the infection of her deeper organs in such a way as to make it necessary for her to go to the hospital and have these deeper organs removed. If both ovaries are removed, or both tubes,

it makes motherhood, of course, absolutely impossible. Furthermore, the woman is almost certain to be invalided for life. Such a thing would, of course, be a calamity, a tragedy. Death is much to be preferred to such a life. Now when we consider that the young wife was subjected to this worse than death as a result of perhaps one little escapade of her husband during his youth, one little crop of wild oats, it must make it very plain to you, my son, that there is simply nothing for us men to do but to live what is called *the continent life,* which means no sexual indulgence at all before marriage.

"The young man then who would be every inch a man must be absolutely clean in his own personal habits. He must be chivalrous to all womankind and must live a continent life, having no relationship whatsoever with lewd girls and women. If he will live that sort of a life in his youth, he will be laying the foundation for later happiness, health, wealth, and a family of fair daughters and sturdy sons who will carry his name and his memory down to posterity.

"Now this sounds a little bit like a sermon, doesn't it, John? I haven't told you these things to debar you from any legitimate privilege, but I have told them to you because I love you more than I love my own life."

John's eyes filled with tears, not puerile, weak tears, but manly tears that showed the deepest manly feeling; and, extending his hand, he grasped his father's extended hand and said, "Father, I shall be grateful to you as long as I live for these wise words of counsel. I shall not sow wild oats."

Mr. Brown is seated in his library in their city home. The fragrance of the early June roses floats in at the open window. He hears a quick step approaching the library and his twenty-three-year-old son, John, now a stalwart young business man, stops a moment at the door, and says:

**The Husband and Home-Builder**

"Father."

"Come in," said Mr. Brown. "Well, I suppose you're counting the hours now, my son, before the great event."

"Yes," said John, "seventy-two hours more and I shall stand before the altar to be joined in the bonds of holy matrimony with Margaret Dawson."

"That will be a very happy occasion," said Mr. Brown, "for everybody concerned, of course especially so for you and Margaret. I have known Margaret since her babyhood. There never was a purer, sweeter girl, and I can hardly imagine that there could be a more efficient, charming young woman. You have certainly drawn a prize in Margaret Dawson."

"Nobody realizes that better than I do," said John. "The only thing that's worrying me now is my feeling of unworthiness of so splendid a girl."

"So far as cleanness of life is concerned," said his father, "there surely is no feeling of unworthiness."

"No," said John, "thanks to the wise and tactful leading of Mother during my little boyhood and of yourself during my youth and young manhood, I am conscious of being wholly worthy of even so spotless and beautiful a character as Margaret Dawson. But some way or another I am feeling the burden of responsibility for the support and protection of a wife; and wonder if my efficiency as a business man is equal to her efficiency as a home builder."

"Personally," replied his father, "I have no fears

regarding your efficiency. A young man who is so temperate and industrious and simple in his habits, so honorable, aggressive, and well trained as you are, surely need have no fear about his efficiency. It is a wholesome feeling for any young person to be somewhat concerned about making good, because that concern will spur him on to do the best that's in him, while over-confidence and complacency might lead the young man to settle back into a condition of supine inactivity never to amount to anything."

"I believe you are right, Father, as usual, and I am much encouraged. You can trust me for not relapsing into supine inactivity; I mean to hustle for all I am worth for the next twenty-five years. I wanted especially tonight, Father, to ask your counsel regarding the new estate into which I am about to enter. You have on so many occasions given me wise counsel that I instinctively turn to you for counsel at this time."

"It is very gratifying," said Mr. Brown, "to realize that you have this attitude toward me and my counsels. In the first place, from the first week of your return from your wedding trip, let me counsel you to put the household upon a definite allowance; and while it should not be niggardly, on the other hand it should not be lavish. This amount, whatever you and Margaret fix upon, should be given to Margaret either in weekly or monthly installments for her to use in the household and for her personal expenses, and for her alone to be responsible for its expenditure. There are several good reasons for this method of financing a home. In the first place, women are proverbially better managers, especially in small expenses, than men are; and particularly is it the case when they have actual cash in hand, a definite amount to spend, that they very early learn to economize this money and spend it most wisely and discreetly. The women who are

extravagant are as a rule women who do not have a definite allowance, and who go to the large stores and order things to be 'charged.'

"Always remember, my son, that the wife is the head of the home, while the husband and father is the head of the family and represents the family before the world, politically, legally, financially, etc. Within the home and socially it is the woman who leads. She is queen of the home, and the husband and father should always defer to her in every question of internal arrangement, government, disciplining and financing within the home. When a young wife is accorded this position in the home and society and is made the financial manager of the household on an adequate and regular allowance, she rapidly develops, as a rule, a rare efficiency in these matters, destined not only to relieve the husband of a large amount of care and worry, which some husbands assume to shoulder, but also to give the husband a feeling of security and complacency and real rest in his home. Whenever he turns his face towards home from his office at night, he has no fear of being confronted there with a tale of woe and disorder. Everything is in order, everything is quiet and restful, and he has no worry about household bills, he knows they are all paid and the credit of their 'firm' almost unlimited.

"Here's another thing that a young husband should have brought to his attention. You know, of course, that the woman has her menstrual period once every four weeks. It is one of the peculiarities of this period among women that there is likely to be just a little irritability and sensitiveness, of which the woman herself is unconscious at the time, though she may be very conscious of it afterward. On such occasions there is much greater likelihood of some trivial little annoyance occurring in the household affairs. Any notice taken of this little triviality

by the husband makes the wife over-sensitive and as likely as not she may burst into tears or she may show irritability. Now the wise young husband, knowing that this is a periodic peculiarity that has a physical basis and for which his wife is in no wise responsible, will never by word or look or act, show surprise, annoyance, irritation, or any other emotion or condition of mind that will aggravate the case. The wise thing to do is simply to say nothing, but be especially thoughtful and affectionate during those times. It lasts only a day or two, and after it is over the wife is especially sweet and happy. If the husband knows from the calendar just when these periods are due, it is perhaps a part of wisdom to time his little gifts of a bouquet or something of that kind to come at this time. All these little things help to keep things running smoothly.

"There is another matter, John, that is of great importance. I know that you have been living a strenuous, clean, chivalrous life as a young man. When you have felt the primordial sex-urge in your red blood you have gone out upon the tennis court or you have gone to your work bench, and worked off your surplus energy. You have kept your mind off from things sexual. There is always the danger that young people after marriage will be influenced by their intimate relationships and the license that marriage gives them, to indulge very frequently in sexual intercourse. Some young people carry this to such excess (perhaps indulging every night) that in a few months the wife is in a condition of neurasthenia, or nervous prostration, and the husband is consciously depleted in his powers, and his business efficiency noticeably decreased.

"Nature has pretty definitely set the time for these relationships. It is a law of nature that the female has a season of heat, or of 'rut', as it is technically called,

periodically. In women this period of heat comes every twenty-eight days, and is closely associated with their menstrual period. It may come just before or just after, perhaps both before and after. Now there can be no question on the part of anyone who has studied the physiology of all the higher animals, including man, that the Creator, when he planned man and woman, planned them for sexual intercourse about once a month, at the very upper limit twice a month.

"Furthermore, there is no one of the higher animals, with the sole exception of mankind, that has sexual intercourse with the female during the pregnancy of the female. It would seem then from the best light we can get on this subject that young married people should confine their sexual intercourse to once in a month or at the most to once in two weeks, until the wife becomes pregnant. After it is known that the wife is pregnant, there should be absolutely no such relationship until the child is born and is at least four weeks old, preferably two months old.

"Now this degree of abstemiousness and temperance in sexual intercourse in wedlock can be much more easily maintained by the young married couple if they occupy different beds. The close physical proximity of the wife to the husband when they are occupying the same bed seriously complicates the problem for the man, probably much less so for the woman. So my advice to you is that you choose for your bedroom the largest of your upstairs rooms, and that you have in this room two single beds, one for yourself and one for your wife."

"That has already been done," said John. "Margaret, you know, chose the furniture and she has already done that. Of course, I was not surprised particularly, because I know that Dr. Dawson and his wife have even occupied separate, though adjoining, rooms all these years, but

I supposed that was because Dr. Dawson was so frequently called out at night in his practice and that this was a device for enabling him to respond to the night call without disturbing Mrs Dawson."

"There is just one more point, John, that I would like to suggest. You know how busy Margaret is these days, and, notwithstanding the fact that you and she very wisely determine to have a quiet little home wedding, still the fact remains that Margaret has made all of her own clothes, and has been very busy and not a little excited with the final arrangements that are to culminate next Thursday afternoon in the wedding, and perhaps especially in the reception that follows in the evening. Now I hardly need to say to you that a young woman under such circumstances is in no physical or mental condition to consummate the marriage, either on the first night following her marriage or perhaps for three or four nights to come. Let me suggest that you let two or three nights elapse before the consummation of your marriage. Let your wife become somewhat rested and somewhat adjusted to this new estate which involves such close comradeship and intimate relationship.

"Thank you, Father," said John; "I am sure that I comprehend fully the wisdom of your advice, and I shall follow it to the letter. I am sure that I shall never cease to be grateful to you for it. By the way, Dad, is the launch at our boat house, or was it taken care of by the boat builders again last winter?"

"It was left at the cottage," said Mr. Brown, "but knowing that you would want to use it Friday morning, I wrote to the boat company last week regarding it, and they have brought it down to their place. It will be in perfect condition Friday morning and a man will bring it around to the dock for you after breakfast. So you have only to call up the boat company and tell them when you wish it."

"Well," said John, "you've scored another; I don't believe you ever forgot anything, did you, Father?"

"Well, I certainly never have forgotten how much I appreciated the thoughtfulness of my family and friends on the occasion of my marriage. My only way of getting even with the world is to help you and Margaret a little whenever opportunity offers, and here was a very simple and easily adjusted opportunity. I have also sent word to Mr. Hanson to deliver at the cottage Friday afternoon some farm supplies, as potatoes, milk, eggs, butter, and berries, so I think that you will find everything readily gotten into shape for a lovely two weeks' vacation."

"I may be able to get even with you some time," said John, "and you needn't be surprised if next week you and Mother receive some wireless winged words of love from across the water, because we shall be thinking of you very frequently. Well! I'll have to be going. Margaret will wonder what's keeping me so late. Good bye."

## CHAPTER IV

### Mother and Son

The mother was in the upstairs sitting room busy with some mending for the little folks, when her stalwart seventeen-year-old son came in from his room. "Mother, is this tie all right?"

**Mother's Viewpoint of Social Relations**

Dropping her work, Mrs. Brown got up and came to meet her son. Subjecting him to fond and loving inspection, she admitted that she thought he would do. "Let's see, is it Margaret Dawson or Esther Bradshaw this evening?" asked the mother, smiling at her broad-shouldered son.

"It happens to be Margaret Dawson this evening," said John.

"Isn't she a dear?" said his mother.

"She certainly is some fine girl," said John. "Do you know, Mother, whenever I'm with Margaret I just feel like putting my arms around her some way."

"That's a very natural feeling," said his mother, "and I can't imagine anybody who'd be more likely to excite that feeling in a stalwart young chap like you than a girl like Margaret Dawson. She is so womanly and you are so manly; but of course you know that just that thing, putting your arms about your girl friend, is a thing that a chivalrous young man will not do. Did you ever know, John, that the embrace is one of society's sacred symbols? It's the symbol of protection, and there are three situations in which the embrace may properly be used. First, the mother may be embraced by her stalwart son. This act on his part is a symbol vouchsafing to the mother the

protection of his strong arms so long as she lives. The world sees it, and congratulates the happy mother, and gives its blessing to her loving son. Again, the young man may put his arm about his sister, and she may very properly receive that social symbol of protection from her brother. It simply means that she may always count upon his protection, should any occasion arise. Society sees it, and congratulates the sister, and commends the brother. The other case in which this symbol may properly be used is between husband and wife, or between young people who are about to become husband and wife. When the young man honorably declares his love to a young woman and she accepts him and they promise to be man and wife, this sacred symbol of society may again be used, and it means that so long as she lives this happy fiancee and wife may rest upon the protection of the strong arm of this man who is her husband or soon to be her husband. The world gives its blessing, and extends its congratulations. So you see, John, that young people who are simply enjoying each other's company in a formal or informal way in their young people's society should never indulge in either of the two social symbols, namely, the embrace or the kiss, nor for that matter in any other familiarity. Such familiarities take the bloom of modesty from a girl's cheek, and a young man who possesses a high order of chivalry and honor will never subject a girl to these familiarities."

"Well, Mother, Father told me the same thing practically, only put in a somewhat different setting, and of course I know you're right and you may count on me for following your counsel."

Six years later, when John was twenty-three, he again came to his mother's room to ask about his cravat. This time though, that was only a ruse; he wanted a little heart-to-heart talk with his mother.

**Mother's Viewpoint of Home-Building**

"Mother, do you remember six years ago the first night that I took Margaret Dawson to a party, that you told me some things about how a young man should treat his young lady friend?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Brown, "I remember very well."

"Well, it is hardly necessary for me to tell you that I have always followed the advice which you gave me at that time. And you may be interested to know that not until Margaret and I were engaged a year ago next Thursday, did I ever put my arm about her waist or put my lips to her lips. I am sure that my arms were the first to encircle her waist, except, of course, her father and brother, and that no man's lips with those exceptions had ever touched her lips until we sealed our betrothal with a kiss."

Mrs. Brown's eyes filled with happy tears. "How beautiful your relation to Margaret has always been. She will make you a gem of a wife, John, and I am sure that you will be as good a husband to her as she will be wife to you.

"There are so many new experiences for young people that one can hardly enter the estate of matrimony without some misgivings, fearing that at some point he may blunder. I am sure," said Mrs. Brown, "that you and Margaret will not be likely to make any serious blunders. You have both been very carefully instructed by your parents in all the great life problems. Sometimes an inexperienced young husband is a little thoughtless and doesn't make allowances that he might when his young wife is perhaps in the first days of her monthly period and therefore especially sensitive and sometimes a little

whimsical and irritable; but I am sure that you will always be thoughtful and not too exacting at such times. And another thing, whatever the wife may say when she is in this condition, the wise husband doesn't answer back nor does he harbor it against her, though the words may be rather peppery. I remember several occasions when I was a young wife I said things that my normal self would not have been guilty of even thinking. Though I recognized that your father would have been justified in feeling much hurt, if not in actually answering back in the spirit that my words implied, still I must say to his everlasting credit that never once did he notice my whim. And just that little fact increased my love for him and my trust in him so greatly that I take this occasion to assure you that you could do nothing more positively to cement and eternally to fix Margaret's love and trust in you than by always observing the attitude toward her which your father observed toward me.

"There is another occasion in which the husband should be very thoughtful and considerate of his wife. When it becomes an assured fact that a young wife is to become a mother, among the experiences which the mother-to-be has are likely to be a little sensitiveness and irritability. She is likely to be whimsical. Her efficiency in the household affairs may perhaps be somewhat impaired because of her physical condition. As a rule there are two or four months of this state of affairs, during which the wife and mother-to-be should be treated with the greatest gentleness and consideration, love and forbearance, and patience. All these things should enter into the husband's treatment of his wife under such conditions. It is quite impossible for a man to understand what it means to a woman to give birth to a child. Maternity means not only the nine months of waiting which

may involve serious physical disturbances, but it means several times nine months of maternal cares after the birth of the child, while of course there is a possibility at the time of the birth that the mother will go deep down in the shadows of the valley of death."

"Oh, Mother," said John, "don't, it breaks me all up to hear you talk that way."

"Well, I've done," said his mother; "I am sure that you in all your stalwart, chivalrous, manhood will be the soul of honor and deference and consideration for your young wife. You know, John, she's only a girl, she's only twenty-one."

"While I'm an old man of twenty-three," said John laughing. "Isn't Margaret potentially as old at twenty-one as I am at twenty-three, Mother?"

"Yes, she is," said Mrs. Brown, "but both of you seem like mere children to us old people."

"How antiquated you are! Why, you're forty-six years old, aren't you, Momsey?" said John, kissing his mother.

## CHAPTER V

### Father and Daughter

Father's Viewpoint of Social Relations

Dr. Dawson was sitting in his easy chair busy with one of his medical journals, when he glanced up to see his daughter Margaret looking anxiously at the clock which pointed at 7:25 in the evening. Noticing that her roses were especially prominent this evening and noticing that a couple of minutes later she looked again at the clock, he said, "Margaret!"

"Yes, Daddy dear," responded his daughter. And noting that her father had something to say, she came over and sat on the arm of his chair and resting her arm across his shoulder, said, "What is it, Daddy?"

"Why, I was just wondering," said Dr. Dawson, "if there wasn't danger that the clock was going to stop."

"Oh, Daddy, you weren't wondering anything of the kind. You were wondering at my interest in the clock; that's what you were wondering about."

"Just when are you expecting him?" asked the doctor.

"Well, now that you're so very personal I suppose there's nothing for me to do but to admit that I am expecting him about 7:30. You see we're going for a sleigh ride. The sleighing has been fine for a week and there have been several sleighing parties and we wanted to go Wednesday night, fearing that the sleighing might be spoiled by a thaw; but Mamma said there are two serious difficulties with Wednesday night. In the first place, it's in the midst of school week, and in the second place, it's prayer meeting night. Two or three of the

mammas said the same thing; so of course we put it off till Friday night, and we're all glad we did because the moon is just that much fuller and the sleighing is really better tonight because of the light fall of snow last night, and it's just perfectly glorious out of doors. The moon is already two hours high."

"How long are you going to be out?" asked Dr. Dawson.

"Why, we are going to drive about six miles up Sheridan Road, and around the park. It will make a drive of fifteen miles which the driver thought would take about two hours. The boys have arranged for a four-horse team."

"How many are there in your party?" asked the doctor.

"Five couples besides the chaperon and driver. That'll make a jolly party, and we're to be back to the Browns' for an oyster supper at a quarter before ten. Oh, there are the sleigh bells now! I'll have to hurry to get into my wraps!" and she fairly flew out into the hall to put on her cloak and furs. Then just as the door bell rang she came back to kiss her father good-bye. Mrs. Dawson was just responding to the door bell and the doctor heard her greet John Brown.

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At about 10:30 the same evening Margaret returned, her friend and classmate Mr. John Brown being her escort. They were both very gay and seemed very happy. After a few moments of greetings to Mr. and Mrs. Dawson, John took his leave. "What a happy evening you must have had," said the doctor; "your eyes are fairly shining, Margaret."

"We did have a perfectly glorious time," answered Margaret. "I think I never have seen the moonlight more beautiful, or the sleighing better, or tasted a better oyster soup than Mrs. Brown had prepared for us."

"Or had better company?" the doctor added smiling.

"The company was all right," said Margaret demurely. "There was just one discordant note in the whole evening, Father. How can boys—or young men, I suppose we should call them—be so rude and ungentlemanly as some boys are?"

"No one was rude to you, I trust, daughter."

"Oh, no! not to me, Father. John, of course, is so chivalrous and splendid, it is unthinkable that he should be rude or that he should ever subject any girl to humiliating familiarity; but one of the young men, who may be nameless, seemed to take advantage of the fact that he and his company were at the end of the sleigh opposite from the chaperon and not in her line of vision, and he had his arm about her, and besides that frequently made remarks that were in very bad taste, to say the least. I think most of the party feel as I do, that on any subsequent occasion he should not be included in the invitation."

"Did it occur to you, daughter," said the doctor, "that perhaps the attitude of this young lady company for the evening may have had something to do with the young man's continuing his unchivalrous conduct?"

"Well, Father, I confess that I did wonder why she could not say or do something to let him know that his conduct was distasteful and humiliating."

"Did any young man ever subject you to such humiliation?" asked the doctor.

"No," said Margaret, "no."

"I don't believe that they ever will," said her father. "A girl may be a good fellow, jolly and happy, and yet she may so maintain the dignity of her womanhood that without losing any grace or sweetness or charm, she may have about her a sort of a mental armor of protection. It's all in her attitude, her *atmosphere*. I am very happy, daughter, that you have cultivated just that sort of an

atmosphere. It will save you many humiliating experiences. Of course, the young man in question is not for a single moment to be excused; but there's probably blame on both sides and the blame may be fairly equally divided as a rule."

"It's getting on toward 11 o'clock and I must bid you good night," said Margaret, as she came to her father for her good-night kiss, which the doctor planted in the middle of her fair forehead.

"Good night, my precious daughter."

"Good night, Daddy."

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**Father's Viewpoint of Home-Building**

Dr. Dawson was in his library one evening in early June. He had had a very busy day at the office and also a busy evening in his library, completing a paper which he was to present before the medical society at its next meeting. He had just laid away his completed manuscript when he heard a gentle tapping at the library door. In response to his invitation to come in, his daughter Margaret entered, asking:

"Are you awfully busy, Father?"

"Not at all," said the doctor.

"Are you awfully tired?" asked his daughter.

"Oh no," said her father, "I learned years ago not to get tired. Well, daughter, I suppose you have that trousseau all complete?"

"Yes, Father, the last stitch was set today. I have made a traveling suit, a camping outfit, a street costume and my wedding dress, and several linen pieces all myself, every stitch. I designed them, cut them, fitted them with Mamma's help, and sewed every stitch. It's taken most of my time for three months, as you know, but it has

been such happy work, really more pleasure than work. I fancy I have almost learned your secret of not getting tired at all. Do you suppose, Father, that one is so likely to get weary if he is very happy in his work?"

"Certainly not," said Dr. Dawson, "that's a part of the secret of not getting tired."

"There's only one week more, and, Father, I feel just a little blue or worried, or something, I don't know just what, and I thought I'd come in and visit with you a minute. You have such a way of scaring the blues away."

So Margaret came over and perched on the arm of his chair leaning against his shoulder with her arm around his neck. It was her favorite way when she came to talk confidentially with her father.

"What's my little girl worrying about?" asked her father.

"Well, you see, Father, John is so practical and so efficient and so orderly and systematic, and he expects so much of me that it almost scares me to assume the responsibilities of managing his home. It would just kill me if he were disappointed in me. Though I am really quite old and mature, some way or another when I am thinking of these things I feel as inexperienced as a child."

"Yes, you are quite old, aren't you, Margaret?" said her father; "let's see, I believe it's forty-two, isn't it?"

"Forty-two! Do I look that old? It wasn't two weeks ago that you had a piece of my twenty-first birthday cake."

"But do you call twenty-one old and mature?" asked her father.

"Why, yes; isn't twenty-one old?"

"I suppose, my daughter, that you really feel as old now as you will at forty-two, but to Mother and me you still appear our little girl—a mere child. As a matter of fact we were saying only yesterday evening as we sat here

in the quiet study, 'How young Margaret is to assume the responsibilities of home-building!' But we both agreed that, though you were young, you were not too young and that you were vastly better fitted for efficient home-building than your mother was when she was married. Now you seem to be worried for fear you will make some blunders and subject yourself to criticism. What particular part of your housekeeping do you fear? You can do all kinds of plain cooking, can't you?"

"Oh, yes," said Margaret.

"You have no fear of the cooking then? Perhaps it's the sweeping, dusting and chamber work?"

"Oh, Father, as though that would worry me!"

"Perhaps it's the care of your clothing or John's?"

"Not in the slightest; none of those things worry me the least bit," said Margaret.

"Perhaps it's the marketing or the keeping of your accounts?"

"No," said Margaret, "as you well know, Mother has given me a whole year of that in our home, and you remember that you have several times complimented me upon the economy of my menage and the accuracy of my accounts."

"Sure enough," said the doctor, "I remember it very well. Have I missed something? Is there any one thing that I have not yet mentioned about which you are worried?"

"No," said Margaret, "not any one thing."

"Then you are not worrying at all," said her father, "you are only experiencing a little psychic reaction that's a very natural result of your intense application to your wardrobe for the last few weeks. I'm going to prescribe for you, daughter. Tomorrow you take a day off and rest up. I'm going to take a day off too tomorrow. Though I shall not be able to be away from my office in the morn-

ing, I am planning to take a long drive tomorrow afternoon with Mother, and you shall be our guest. Tomorrow morning you may take a long walk in the park, and immediately after lunch we will go up Sheridan Road perhaps as far as Fort Sheridan and back."

"But I don't believe I dare take a day right now. It's only a week till the wedding and there are the cakes to be made and no end of things, and I ought to thank my friends for the lovely gifts."

"On the other hand," said Dr. Dawson, "one day of solid rest will put you in such a physical condition that long before this week rolls around you will have accomplished as much as you would have done by working through the week without the rest, and it will have been accomplished with much less drain upon your physical resources. This little blueness that you had when you came in here is due to weariness, as you well know; and it wouldn't be fair either to yourself or John for you to become overworked and worried during these last days."

"You're right, Father, as usual. It really doesn't matter if a lot of these things aren't done at all, and Mamma and Bertha are both ready to help on all these things, so I'll just let Mamma make one of my cakes and let Bertha make another one, so I can really take two or three days this week and get thoroughly rested up. Why, I feel rested already, Father, just thinking about it. I knew if I could just come in and talk with you a few minutes I'd get all straightened out."

"That reminds me," said the father, "of a little bit of counsel that I would like to give you before you meet John at the altar. Do you know that it is really of very much more importance for a wife to be happy and smiling and say loving things than it is to be so extremely punctilious and exact about all the details of her housekeeping?"

"Do you really think that's true, Father?" asked Margaret.

"I know it is," said her father. "Mark my word for it: the happiness of your first year of married life will depend very much more upon your temperament and disposition than upon the spectacular and monumental efficiency of your housekeeping. Now as a matter of fact, daughter, many young wives think more of what neighbor women will say regarding their housekeeping than they do of the actual comfort of the husband. Here's a little bit of fatherly advice. Never permit yourself to be so occupied that you can't meet John at the door when he returns from his office at night, nor so busy with the morning paper or anything else that you can't see him to the door as he leaves the house in the morning."

"Why, Father, of course I would do both of those things."

"I am sure you would, daughter, I am sure you would have done it if I had never suggested it. However, I am only emphasizing the very great importance of a matter that might seem very trivial. . . . I am glad that you have had experience in household accounts and managing a bank account, paying bills and things of that kind, as it will stand you well in hand. The financing of the home should be the woman's work and one of her contributions to the home-building."

"Yes, Father, I am sure you are right. I am wondering what John will do about the household finances. We've talked about many things in our plans for the future, but we haven't said anything about money. I am so in hopes that John will give me a household allowance; I am sure I can manage it very economically and wisely because of my experience in those things during this last year. Two or three times I have been on the point of asking

John about it, but at the last moment I simply could not speak of it. Some way or another it seemed sort of mercenary or commercial, and I feared John might not take kindly to any mention of it on my part."

"Well, daughter," said Dr. Dawson, "I think perhaps it may have been just as well to leave the matter for John first to mention. I am sure he will see the wisdom of giving you an allowance rather than simply paying the bills from his own bank account at the end of the month. I think you may trust John implicitly in that matter."

"Then you wouldn't say a thing about it?" said Margaret.

"No," said her father, "I think I would leave the matter in abeyance."

"There is just one more thing," said Margaret, "in which I would like to have your counsel. I am not so sure but that my uneasy wondering and my misgivings on the matter may be an element in my mental condition this evening which you attributed wholly to blueness. I feel that the new estate into which I am entering presents problems and will be associated with new experiences for which I am quite unprepared. Haven't you in all your library here some book that I can read that will help me to find the path through this unknown country which I am entering?"

"Yes, daughter, I was just about to mention this same subject, and I have already chosen a number of fairly good books that I had intended to take up to our room, and Mother and I were going to look them over this evening and decide which one of them we had best hand to you, but now that you have yourself mentioned the matter I will show you all of them and we shall pick out one of the several which you perhaps may very profitably read over during these three days of vacation you will have during this next week."

He then took down from the shelf several volumes, and, glancing hastily through them, selected the one most suitable for her reading. She received it gratefully, and with exceeding love shining in her eyes, she kissed him and said,

"Good-night, Father, you have already rested me and given me assurance and confidence."

"Good-night, my daughter," and the doctor planted a warm kiss on her fair forehead, as he had done so many times in the years of her young womanhood.

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